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Pro-Slavery.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE TO SENATOR SEWARD.

To Hon. Wm. H. Seward, a Senator in Congress from the State of New York.

Sir: A friend has put into my hands the *New York Daily Times* of Oct. 22, containing a speech delivered by you at Buffalo, a few days before. I hardly know whether you designed it as a peculiar distinction to me or as a pungent reflection on Mr. Sumner that you should have devoted a paragraph to me. If it was the latter—for which you may have decisive and characteristic reasons—the implied taunt for his prudent disdain towards one whom *you* judge worthy of being specially assailed is obvious enough. If it was the former, I accept is as a slight token of the only bond which ever existed between us—slight as that was—and turn it over to those classic halls in which both of us might have learned wisdom in our boyhood, at the feet of that great teacher, Eliphalet Nott. Sir, we are both much changed since then. Nor could the sum of the grand result to which the struggle of nearly forty intervening years has brought us both be more distinctly expressed than by saying that we stand face to face, you to trifle recklessly, from the high places of the earth, with the peace, the union and the glory of that country which has honoured you so highly; I to plead from the depths of retirement for the renown, the advancement and the happiness of that same country, at whose hands I never asked, never desired, a single token to distinguish me from the humblest of her sons. We have both deliberately chosen our career. I shall not shrink from any duty which mine may impose.

The ostentatious titles with which you have heralded your speech are not entitled to remark, except as they are thoroughly characteristic, and except as they attempt to embody the essence of your thought. "*The Contest and the Crisis—The Politics of Justice, Equality and Freedom—Speech of Hon. Wm. H. Seward, at the Great Republican Meeting in Buffalo, Oct.* 19, 1855." A confused struggle for power between six or seven factions, on the arena of New York politics, scarcely deserves to be called *the crisis*, even of Politics, much less of Justice, Equality and Freedom; and while great latitude may be allowed to factions, in assuming such names as suit their fancy, an educated man in high position should set some limit to his pandering to that which is at once false and ignoble. Why, Sir, "*Equality, Fraternity*," the legend of your friends the old Jacobins, was briefer, more intense, and less turgid than yours; and no one, after reading your speech, can be sure that its being, thus far, more bloody, makes it less to your liking. Rhetoric has its decencies as well as statesmanship; and he who professes his inability to speak otherwise than "thoughtfully, sincerely, earnestly," ought to be the last to violate them all.

The nature of that "*Great Republican Party*," whose great meeting you addressed, obliges it, as you declare, "to inculcate perpetual jealousy of the increase and extension of slavery"; and this instinct, as you point out, has worked always, till now, at length, all its members, under the pressure of events, disengaged and released from all other parties, and powerfully organized in thirteen States, have come together in one body, by their natural affinity, for this specific object. And so there must remain, as you argue, in the bosom of this great Republican Party, "an undying jealousy of the aggrandizement of slavery"; a jealousy which, you say, it is the very end of the party to "foster and direct" in a manner "durable, perpetual." And, pushing this exposition all through the body of your speech, you arrive at length clearly at the conclusion that the dissolution of the Union is to be braved, and that all appeals against that catastrophe are to be resented as insulting threats, which the interests, the principles, the impulses, the duty, the manhood of your party oblige it to despise. This, Sir, is the staple of your "*Justice, Equality and Freedom*"; this is your New York *Contest and Crisis*; this is your condensed creed—filtrated of much and various rigmarole—of your "*Great Republican Party*."

It is towards the close of your speech, in the midst of your career through dynasties and nations, over many generations and forms of society, that you have seen fit to devote an entire paragraph to me—a private person—as if I were of myself a power to be classed with the principalities and dominions amidst which you expatiate. It is upon this paragraph that I design to make some observations; and, as well from a sense of justice to you as in order to make what I have to say more perspicuous, I quote the whole of it:

"Last comes one who, with seeming meekness, asks us to consider whether it is wise to jeopard the safety and happiness of twenty-five millions of white men in a vain effort to mitigate the sufferings of only three millions of negroes. Humane, cautious, paternal, conscientious man! I might join issue and ask where, in the ethics either of Government or of Christianity, you find authority to hold three millions of men in bondage, to promote the welfare or even to secure the safety of twenty-five millions of other men? But that argument belongs to the Abolitionists of slavery, who do not reckon me in their number, and whose objects in this election are far more comprehensive than those of the Republican Party, which I defend. I leave the rights and the interests of the slaves in the States to their own care and that of their advocates; I simply ask whether the safety and the interests of twenty-five millions of free non-slaveholding white men ought to be sacrificed or put in jeopardy for the convenience or safety of three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders? I hear no answer."

I will deal with you, Mr. Seward, more truly than you have dealt with me, or even with your own party. So dealing, I demand of you, in the name of our common country, was not the question which you say I put to the North, and which you attempt to evade, a pregnant, a timely, an honest question? Will you, Sir—I repeat the question in your own form of stating it—will you jeopard the interests of twenty-five millions of free, white Americans, bound together as we are, for the sake of three or four millions of African slaves, situated as the slaves in this country are? So far from shunning the question or shrinking from it, would to God that I could so utter it that it would fall like fire into the heart of every man in this vast empire, and reecho through the whole continent, till the latest posterity should hear the sound and bless our memory. I put the question to you, not as if I were a defender of slavery and you its mortal enemy; but I put it as one patriot to another, as one freeman to another, as one philanthropist to another, as one philosopher to another, as one American to another—above all, as one Christian to another. And, Sir, it is a question which nothing but desperate fanaticism on your side, or desperate necessity on ours, will ever permit to be answered except in one way—a question which every American citizen is obliged now, and has been obliged many times before, and will be obliged many times hereafter, to answer on the peril of his country's glory—a question which, so put and so answered, has saved the country, from the commencement of our National existence until now, and which I trust in God will save it now.

Sir, your personal taunts are in the worst taste, and give me no concern. The exposition of the ethics of Christianity does, indeed, belong to my profession; and for my faithfulness and skill therein, touching your present movements, allow me to refer you to Mr. Sumner. The exposition of the ethics of Government ought not to be wholly strange to you; and there I take issue with you—if you mean what you insinuate, but shrink from uttering. Is it so that any conceivable end of government, much less the grand and immediate ends of it as truly held by the American people, demand that slavery, as it exists amongst us, shall be abolished in defiance of the "*welfare*" and in utter disregard of the "*safety*" of the nation? Do you mean that? I so understand you. I so understood Mr. Sumner. That I understand to be treason *against*, if not *under*, the Constitution; and, what is worse, treason against the country. And the end of it must be that the North must sweep your "great Republican Party" into the besom of destruction, or we must settle your ethics of government with the sword. And, Sir, I will add this much more to what I said to Mr. Sumner, namely: That if your party holds your doctrines, the North is far more deeply interested in abolishing it than in abolishing slavery. For no free people on the face of the earth could endure its permanent dominion; and no form of government could fail to become an intolerable despotism under its rule, and no condition of society could escape hopeless shipwreck in its hands. The *safety* of society is the very first condition on which society exists. Its *welfare* is the second. Your principles subvert both conditions, by denying both a place in the ethics of Government. If you do not mean all this, you have either falsely stated the principles and aims of your party or you are ignorant of the force of the terms you use, and your personal taunts degenerate into mere impertinence.

Why, Sir, do you suppose that it is consistent with what you are pleased to call the ethics of Government, or the ethics of Christianity, or any conceivable sort of ethics, which any upright man can act upon, much less distinctly lay down as the basis of his moral character, that he should violate the most sacred obligations as soon as his interest, his convenience or his ambition appeared to him to suggest some advantage as likely to result from such atrocious villainy? Do you suppose that it consists with any ethics in the world, except the ethics of tyrants and savages, that the sixteen Northern States should conspire to degrade and oppress the fifteen Southern States, *because*, in the fifteen Southern States, a portion of the population is in a condition of servitude, which your great Republican Party does not like as well as it does the condition of servitude in which a portion of the population of the sixteen Northern States exist? What is it you profess to blame us for but that which you are yourself striving to accomplish, to a far greater extent, and in a far more aggravated form; for, is not the independence of the South as utterly incompatible with your principles as the freedom of the slaves can possibly be with ours? You speak with great bitterness of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as an act covering all who took any part in it, and especially the South, with dishonour. And why? Because, as you allege, it was an act of bad faith committed by one party to a compact, to the injury of the other party. And pray, Sir, what then shall be said of your great Republican Party, the very instinct of whose action—the sole end of whose existence—as interpreted by yourself, is eternal bad faith to the Constitution itself and to fifteen Commonwealths, for the single purpose of securing its own supremacy and that of the North, in utter disregard of the interests of the whole Confederacy considered as one great nation, and with the deliberate purpose to destroy the whole South, if that shall be necessary to the accomplishment of your object? It needed but two aggravations to give to your principles a cast utterly revolting; and you have added both. For you carefully teach that the principles of this party are not the product of modern times, or of any sudden outburst produced by any recent events; but that, stimulated, indeed, of late, they are, nevertheless, fundamental, primeval and perpetual at the North, running side by side with all their sacred pledges to a contrary intent, from the earliest period of our history. And then, to gloss over this transcendent, hereditary perfidy, which you seek to fasten on the memory of your ancestors and the character of your people, you profess immense piety towards God, and boundless fraternity for the poor slave!

It is no part of my business, Sir, to be a statesman, nor am I, except in the widest sense, even a politician. I am only a plain man who loves his whole country, and is ready to do his utmost for every part of it. In this spirit I deeply deplore the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and consider that act a great error of the Democratic party—a still greater error of the South—as the event, I think, has proved. I did all a private person, situated as I was, seemed called on to attempt, to prevent the commission of that error. I foresaw and urged upon the distinguished member of Congress whose constituent I was—with all the consideration due to his great virtues and influence, and with all the earnestness allowed in an old and trusted kinsman who loved him like a son—most of the evils which have followed, and which still hang over the country. I did it in vain. His convictions did not accord with mine. If they had, I believe he could have defeated the act, if any one man could. Faithful to my convictions and to my whole country then, I am not less faithful to both now. And in this spirit I deliberately assert that, even if the repeal of the Missouri Compromise were ten thousand times worse than I ever supposed it to be—nay, than you make it out—it is as nothing in comparison with the principles you avow and the ends you propose; nothing in the vastness of the evils which must result—the deliberate perfidy of the means which are used—the atrocious wickedness of the objects which are sought. Why, Sir, would you have us believe that there is no difference between repealing an act of Congress and subverting the Government? No difference between permitting all the Territories to do as they think fit with regard to slavery and dissolving the Union on the slave line? No difference between committing a great mistake as to the best method of securing the peace of the country and committing the very greatest political crimes in order to drive the country into civil war? No difference between an indiscreet attempt to equalize the rights of the two great sections of the Union upon the most difficult of all national questions, and a ferocious purpose to array those two great sections in deadly and endless hostility? Ah! Mr. Seward, that is neither the logic, the rhetoric, the morality nor the patriotism which was sought at our common *Alma Mater*; and your high position has been dearly won if it has been reached, or must be maintained, by such means as these!

You take a distinction between the Abolitionists and your Republican Party—a distinction somewhat nice, and less appropriate to a statesman than to one whom those old Romans you speak so much about allowed to be called only a *grammarian*, by which they meant a grade below the sophists. You are not an Abolitionist, you say, but only a great Republican—the difference being precisely this, to-wit: that the Abolitionists will not allow of *any* slavery, while the Great Republicans will not allow of *any more*. They, with Mr. Sumner at their head, will attack it everywhere; you, at the head of the Great Republicans, will attack it everywhere, except in the *present* slave States. That is to say, you make this limitation merely so far as the *forms of law* are concerned, and the powers of Congress are involved. Mr. Sumner will oppose it at *all* hazards; but as for you, not being an Abolitionist, the greatest *particular* hazard you will brave is only the dissolution of the Union! May I ask the favour of you, Sir, if you see fit to assail me again, that you would have the goodness to put yourself in an attitude more respectable than this? Here is a great nation thoroughly and dangerously excited, and here is one of its most conspicuous statesmen professing to lead public opinion; and in the act of doing so, he places himself in a position absolutely childish, pretending thereby to justify the boundless perfidy of his principles, and the interminable mischief of his conduct. Can you conceive, Sir, that fifteen Commonwealths, which believe that their existence is threatened, which have arms in their hands, and guarantees as old as the country, and as firm as common blood and common glory can make oaths, compacts and constitutions, will permit sixteen other Commonwealths to degrade and destroy them on such a distinction as this? Even supposing that they are wrong in this, and that they ought to consent to be hemmed in and repressed with an irrepressible and perpetually augmenting force of this sort, concerning which the only question is—how soon will death ensue? Still, did you ever hear of any such thing happening in this world of ours? Did any fifteen States ever permit any sixteen States to smother them in this delectable way, and upon such a precious distinction as this, upon the face of our earth? What the times demand, Mr. Seward, are statesmen—not grammarians. What the country needs in the leaders of parties are not essayists and triflers with the stern passions which are afloat, but true men—honest, if they can be had—competent at least to deal in sincerity with the real peril of our condition.

There remains one more statement, in the paragraph you have devoted to me, not less remarkable than those I have already noticed. You array the entire population of the country in two opposing masses, and say that one mass consists of "three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders," while the other mass consists of "twenty-five millions of free, non-slaveholding white men." Then you demand whether the safety and the interests of the latter mass ought to be sacrificed or put in jeopardy for the convenience or safety of the former. And the climax is reached in this little trick of oratory, "I hear no answer"! Mr. Seward, you have been the Governor of the great State of New York, and are now a Senator in the Congress of the United States. If nothing in your own breast rebukes you for this kind of speaking, you owe it to public propriety to avoid it. It is impossible you should not know that, as matter of argument, it is utterly absurd—as matter of fact, utterly untrue; and everybody can see that as matter of rhetoric, it is supremely ridiculous, and, considering the gravity of the subject, a piece of heartless trifling. If the slaveholding interest in this country were as insignificant as you pretend, the present condition of the public mind throughout the Republic would be, not only the most inexplicable, but the most disgraceful phenomenon ever exhibited amongst a civilized people. The hucksters in the City of New York, compared with its whole population—the boatmen on your canals, contrasted with all the people of your State, would be incomparably more weighty and decisive elements with you than this handful of detestable and powerless tyrants in the grasp of so many millions of freemen. Whatever may be the number of slaveholders in America, this at least is obvious upon your own showing, that the dread of them has penetrated thirteen States so deeply that they have dissolved all other political parties in order to form one great Republican party, by means of which to preserve, if possible, their own liberty—a result so doubtful as apparently to fill you with the greatest anxiety! Whatever may be the proportion of slaveholders to non-slaveholders in the slave States, it is past all doubt that, in every one of them, the great majority of the people are opposed to any disturbance of the institution, and that in the conflict with your great Republican Party, they will be more unanimous and determined than the people of any free State are, or ever were, upon any disputed question whatever. On the other hand, there is not, and there never was, the least desire in any slave State to sacrifice or to put in jeopardy the safety or interest of any free State, farther than anything of that sort may be imagined to be inseparable from a fair participation by the slave States in all the advantages resulting from the union of all the States under one common government. So far has it been otherwise, that numerous and powerful free States exist upon territory conceded by slaveholding States, while not a foot of slave territory exists which was conceded by one of the free States of this Union.

I have not felt called on to discuss the merits of your speech, or your principles, except so far as was necessary to defend or to elucidate my own opinions and acts, directly called in question by you. There were reasons which seemed to me sufficient to require that I should write the letter to Mr. Sumner, from which you have selected and broken up a few thoughts; but I have not supposed I was under any obligation to defend that paper from all who thought proper to attack it. If I have made an exception in your case, it was because your high position gave peculiar importance to your strictures, and because I thought it might be proper to explain more fully than I had done before some of the matters called in question. In the end, I desire to add somewhat, in order to place the subject upon which this letter bears in another aspect.

Whoever shall see fit to regard anything I say will be pleased to remember that the testimony I bear and the principles I avow are those of a person who, during a life now leaning towards old age, has always occupied peculiar relations to the subject of slavery, and who, during thirty-five years, has repeatedly and in multiplied forms laid his views on that subject, in all its aspects, frankly before mankind. Though men have chosen to regard my opinions from different points of view, and to assail me from all, at one time or another, I am not conscious of any serious change in these opinions, from first to last. While I would not presume to justify every expression which may have fallen from me, during so many years and in so many utterances, I adhere firmly to the sum of the entire testimony I have borne under every vicissitude of fortune, and, confidently asserting its perfect consistency throughout, I leave to my country to judge me justly. Loyal to my own unalterable convictions, and to the ancient and perpetual testimony of the Church of God—loyal none the less to the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and to the whole nation, of which Kentucky is a part—I never uttered an opinion which was not consistent with all these conditions. This is all I will condescend to say in reply to dishonouring personal attacks.

It cannot be denied, however, that a very great change has manifested itself in public opinion, both at the North and at the South, within these thirty-five years; a change which has been constantly progressing in opposite directions of the two quarters, and which has been influenced by a great variety of causes. The question which the American people must now settle is no less than this—are they desirous, and are they capable, in the new posture of affairs and of opinion, of continuing any longer one united and great people? This question, as I view it, is one wholly independent of any consideration touching the nature of slavery; and it is the evil passions of men, and not the essential nature of slavery at all, by which the people are hurried forward to the ruin of their country. Let slavery be what it may, it affords no rational ground of itself for the separation of the States and civil war; and every good, wise and patriotic man, let his opinions about slavery be what they may, ought to be ready to crush every political party which intimates that it does. And such is my faith in human nature, in the destiny of my country, and, above all, in the overruling providence of God, that I confidently trust a way will be found to hurl from power, and to cover with public indignation, every party that shall dare to wag a tongue against the great national safeguards of our independence, our freedom and our progress.

We must not forget, Sir, that the posture of the North and the posture of the South is by no means the same. The South has slaves—the North has none. The South, therefore, is liable to a pressure from the North, to which the North is not liable from the South: and under that pressure, the South may not only be expected to do, but may be obliged to do, what she would gladly avoid if she were fairly and justly treated. Nor must we allow ourselves to forget that this was not the original posture of affairs—not the condition of things under which the Confederation and afterwards the Federal Constitution were formed—not the condition out of which the Union grew. Originally, slavery was national in this country—to the intent that it formed no obstacle to any united and national movement, impulse or act—amongst Colonies, and afterwards amongst States, every one of which held slaves. I have no remark to make, Sir, upon your favourite apothegm that slavery is local, freedom national; nor any upon your argument, if it is allowable to apply such a term to incoherent assertions, that it is beyond the power of municipal law to create slavery. It is enough that slavery, if it exists at all, must have a place to exist in, and that, as long as it does exist in a country of laws, there must be laws about it. The peril now is not over your apothegm nor about your speculations on the nature of law; but it is about the places in which slavery may exist, and about the laws which shall affect it therein. The North, having changed her condition with respect to slavery, and at the same time having changed her opinions, feels herself entitled to demand that the South shall be coerced, one way or other, to follow her example, in both respects; and feels herself entitled, further, to use the powers of the National Government to effect this object. Thereupon she proceeds to organize parties, to consolidate power, to exert her numerical majority, to assume authority, to shape the legislation of Congress and the policy of the Federal Government, in a manner wholly regardless of the rights and interest of the South, and absolutely incompatible with its independence, if not its existence. This is, in effect, a contest for *supremacy* at the North—for *safety* at the South. It is a mere accident that slavery should be the immediate subject of the conflict; an extremely dangerous accident, indeed, from the nature of that institution. But the very conception itself upon which the North enters upon the contest is of itself a revolution. It is a revolution which, carried into effect, upon any subject whatever, defeats not only the possibility of the Union, but defeats even its very object. And carried into effect with reference to slavery, it makes civil war the only refuge of the South from perils which are greater than civil war itself. I ask you, Sir, calmly, which do you consider best for us—to fight the North at once, or to fight both the North and the slaves, after a while? Now, Sir, it is for the North to say whether she values her supremacy over the South at such a rate as this; and whether, making slavery the pretext, she will pursue it unto blood. I uttered but the simple truth when I told Mr. Sumner she will find a million of armed men ready to receive her; I repeated only the plainest lesson of history when I added that her own soil will be as deeply polluted with blood as ours. I said what I supposed could neither be misunderstood nor denied when I declared that the equality of physical force was sufficient to leave the issue dependent wholly on God's gift of a great Captain. I uttered only what many millions will indorse, and no one that I know of will deny, when I said that every one of us deplored, from the bottom of our heart, a contest so frightful, but that not one of us look towards it with unmanly apprehension. Sir, it was ignoble in you to call these threats. They are solid arguments—arguments of that description which every good man will carefully consider, every wise man ponder deeply, every brave man admit to be just, every sane man see to be conclusive against the counsel you give and the ends you propose.

It is not possible for us to separate ourselves completely from immense and durable influences which surround us. I think I see in your Oration the general complexion of that state of opinion which is so peculiar to New York politics, and which has been so manifest throughout your whole political career. However this might affect our estimate of you as a man, it undoubtedly gives distinctness to your position as a representative of opinion, and, therefore, greater significance to what you utter. In like manner it may be possible that the current of my own thoughts may receive a peculiar tinge from the state of opinion which has always existed in Kentucky, and with which I have been in contact from my childhood; and thus some additional value may attach to what I say. Sir, I passed that childhood around the knees of the old officers and soldiers of the Revolution, who had won the independence of their country, and then conquered from the savage this fair and noble portion of it. I did not know, then that these were peculiar men, but I have learned that well enough since. The sons and daughters of these men were the playmates of my earliest years, as they have been the friends and companions of my subsequent life. I expect to mingle my dust with theirs; I hope their children and mine will lay me in an honoured grave; and my children's children already stand before me side by side with theirs. I have differed often—sometimes fiercely—with these men; have differed with them about many aspects of this very question of domestic slavery. But, Sir, what is slavery to me, compared with the lives, the fortunes, the honour, the safety of these men? What is the fate of a handful of poor Africans to me, compared with the fate of these men? And so we all feel. I tell you, Sir, it was mainly one turn of this deep, intense, hereditary feeling which prevented this State six years ago—and prevented it again fifty years before that—and prevented it at first sixty-three years ago—from initiating a system of gradual emancipation. "*We will not separate ourselves from the slave States of the South. We will not forsake those who share a common peril with us.*" Such was their language: if not wise, surely most loyal. And now, when the peril is fearfully augmented, and when every just and manly heart revolts at the perfidy of the pretexts and the baseness of the methods resorted to, is there much reason to expect that these men will change their nature? Do you imagine that no stronger bond exists between these people than exists between the factions which revel in the vitals of your own great State? Since the world began no bond ever existed, save amongst God's ancient people, which bound every man to his fellow, every State to all the rest, and all the States to the Nation, whose liberties they had conquered, like the bond which pervades these fifteen slave States. They will stand by each other, they will stand by the country, they will stand by every man and every party that stands by the Constitution. If it be possible, they will preserve our National Institutions precisely as they received them from the hands of their fathers. If inexorable necessity obliges them to do it, they will baptize those institutions in the blood of traitors. At the last extremity, they will perish, sword in hand, but they will never submit to be dishonoured or subjugated. They will never subvert the institutions of their country, nor will they permit you to do it, without a struggle worthy of their great descent.

You, Mr. Seward, have much apparent right to speak in the name of the State of New York. I have none to speak in the name of the State of Kentucky. Yet, there are instincts in the breasts of upright men which seldom err, and there are grand truths which cannot be concealed, and which will not perish. Now, mark my words. New York, the greatest of the free States, has the least interest of all that slavery should be abolished. Kentucky, the most exposed of all the great slave States, has the least interest of all that slavery should continue. New York will *not abide* by your principles—Kentucky *will abide* by mine.

Your obedient servant, Ro. J. Breckinridge.

Danville, Ky., Nov. 6, 1855.

Selections.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES—SLAVERY AND THE UNION.

From The London Daily News, Oct. 31.

In December, 1814, a very remarkable set of men assembled at Hartford, in Connecticut, to hold a discussion which we hope their sons will review and reconsider at this time. The war with England—a sufficiently disgraceful affair, both to English and Americans—was always disapproved of by a very large proportion of the American people; and by many more it was as little understood as by the people of England. Mr. Madison, then President, was charged with French leanings, as his friend and predecessor, Jefferson, had been; and the accusation was, in Madison's case, made so definite that, in his quarrel with England, he had to take hold of the charge that he was a tool of Bonaparte's. The real causes of the war on that side of the Atlantic are illustrated by the subsequent action of the Republic. The immediate effect of the war was to afflict the Northern States, for no reason whatever that they could perceive; and they were just declaring their minds and their wills, in regard to it, in unmistakable terms, when peace was made, and the controversy was postponed. The Northern States could not see why the European Powers should not fight out their own quarrels. The New Englanders found their infant manufactures dying out through neglect, from the necessity of furnishing troops; and there was no aid to be had from the Central Government in defending the Northern coasts, while the inhabitants were burdened with war taxes. Their vicinity to Canada exposed them to the horrors of Indian incursions, and they could not put out to sea, for either fishing or trading purposes, because the shores were watched by privateers. The husbandman dared not till his fields, while Indians were stealing through the surrounding forest. The fisherman dared not quit the harbours, and the coasting commerce was stopped. And all this was to be endured, nobody could tell why. The New England States appointed delegates—men experienced in legislative business—to meet in convention at Hartford, in order to agree on certain measures of immediate necessity, and propose some comprehensive principles of policy, to be presented to Congress. What we now have to do with are the amendments in the Constitution of the United States, proposed by the Hartford Convention. The principal of the amendments proposed was, that Congress should not have power to make war unless two-thirds of the members of both houses should be in favour of it; and again, that two-thirds of both houses must be in favour of any suspension of commercial intercourse with foreign nations. The holding of this Convention was suggested by Massachusetts, the foremost State of the whole Union in intelligence and honour. It was too late then. Peace was made before the propositions of the Convention could be brought before Congress. *It is to be hoped that Massachusetts, now standing before the world as the foremost State of the Union, on account of her recent action in defence of her own Constitution against the unconstitutional requirements of the Federal Government, will again move in opposition to an insane war; and on this occasion in good time.* She and her sister States of New England have had abundant occasion to recognise the true source of all international difficulties which have arisen from the war of 1812 (inclusive) till now. In 1812, it was the Southern interest, using its influence over Virginian Presidents, which upheld the war; and it has ever since been the South (now arrived at intimidating Northern Presidents) which has, by force or fraud, entangled the whole Union in all the wars which have taken place. In 1812, the war spirit, which is always sustained by the institution of slavery, was unchecked by danger to commerce, or by the vicinity of British Provinces, with their regular troops and savage allies. The war was popular in the slave States; those States had the preponderance in Congress; and war was declared accordingly. Thus it has since been with the Florida war, the real cause of which was little understood by even the gallant New Englanders, who went down into the swamps, among the "yelling Indian devils," to fight and fall, as they were told, for the honour of their country. On that occasion the Southern slaveholders made catspaws of the gallant New Englanders, to snatch their slave-property out of the fire for them. Negroes had escaped from the slave States into the swamps of Florida, and there the negro girls took Indian husbands. By the laws of the slave States, the children of negro women follow the fortunes of their mother, and not the father; and when the loss by the absconding slaves was becoming serious, it occurred to the slaveholders that they might not only recover the negro women, but obtain their half-Indian children, if they could lure the Union into a Florida annexation. As all the world knows, they did it; and the free and populous North was again burdened with a war of Southern device.

Thus, again, it was with the Mexican war. In a recent review of the life of Santa Ana, we exhibited the process of the annexation of Texas, for the extension of slaveholding territory; and the fomenting of political troubles in Mexico, with the same object, twenty years ago, as again at this day. We have shown, on various occasions, the evidence which is before the eyes of all the world of the use which the prince of slaveholders, Russia, has made, through the whole course of the present century, of the slave interest in the United States, to stir up difficulties in the Republic in those crises when European affairs would command the sympathy of true Republicans. We have repeatedly shown how the natural results of slave institutions compel an extension of territory, as the only alternative to ruin; and we have traced the course of this extension, and its barbaric character, trampling as it goes the conviction and the will of the Free States, and the liberties of the whole people, in regard to speech and the press. We have warned our brethren in America of the retrograde character of their modern ambition—so inferior to that of the fathers of their Republic. We have rebuked the public men of the United States—Cass, Soule, Everett, and others who have pandered to the youthful lust of territorial aggrandizement instead of doing what they could to sustain the principles and aims of the first Presidents and their constituents. We therefore feel ourselves entitled now to show the incendiaries of the South that we understand their policy and appreciate their aims, and to tell them, moreover, that we perhaps see more of their true position than they do themselves. Their policy is to stir up perpetual trouble in the name of their nation (in order to obtain the services of the North) as a cover to their acquisition of new slave territory. Their aim is to obtain the West India Islands—Cuba first, and the rest afterwards—as an extension of the area of slavery, and to remove from their horizon the irksome spectacle of the negro race in the enjoyment of freedom, while still in the condition of labourers. As to the circumstances in their own position, to which they appear to be blind, they are these. *The Czars of Russia are making tools of them, even as they themselves made tools of their Yankee fellow-citizens.* It is convenient * Russia that they should occupy themselves and create a diversion in favour of Russia at the same time, by picking a quarrel with England and France. The melancholy incidents of their subjection to Russian flattery and temptation are, we believe, more intelligible to us than to themselves, or they would surely not submit to be made the spectacle they are in the eyes of all who wish either well or ill to their Republic.

We feel ourselves entitled to say to the men of the North, that we utterly disbelieve in any inclination whatever on their part to go to war with us. We only want to be assured that their fathers' spirit is in them, enlightened by the knowledge which ought to have accrued from the experience of forty years. They see that the South is now, as then, paramount at the White House, and they cannot but understand the policy and aims of the South far more clearly in 1855 than their Fathers did in 1814. *Are they prepared to desire and claim that war shall be made only by the consent of two-thirds of both branches of the National Legislature?* And are they resolved to see that their nation shall not meanwhile be plunged into war by the lawless aggressions of Americans on neighbouring territories? Are they ready to use the lawful and constitutional powers conferred by their numbers and superior qualifications (for Southern representatives are returned in part by a negro constituency without personal rights) to secure a due and worthy representation of themselves in Congress, in the Cabinet and in their foreign diplomacy? If they are prepared to do thus their duty as Republicans, there is no fear of war between them and us. Hitherto the excuse put forward for any undue subservience to the South, for the unworthiness of the Northern statesmen who have been cast-aways on the dire loadstone rock which draws the nails out of every construction which approaches it, is the horror which every good American has of the dissolution of the Union. Cannot the good Americans consult together about their duty, their interest and their prospect, when a Cabinet which they are far from proud of threatens war with their best friends? If they cannot so take counsel together, for the preservation of the principles of their original Union, and of their friendship with us, we are in a condition to tell them what a great number of their best citizens think, and some are willing, on a first opportunity, to say—*that the first effect of a serious attempt on the part of the Government at Washington to make war for the reasons which have long actuated its foreign policy would be to break up the Union.* Only let this conviction, with the grounds of it, be duly presented and discussed, and there will be no war, nor any further talk of it. Meantime, while awaiting the action of the free, populous, intelligent and prosperous Northern States, we may, perhaps, ourselves assign the ground on which the *elite* of the Americans assert that an attempt to go to war with us will break up the Union.

From The London Daily News, Nov. 1.

We are telling no news to the world in stating that the Americans, who must always have an agitation going on, have, for a year or two past, been becoming more and more excited on the Disunion question. The Southern States have been so accustomed to threaten secession from the Union, when anything they did not like was said or done at Washington, that their complaints have, for some time, ceased to alarm the friends of Republican Government. But when the North, after long submission to the domination of the minority from the South, began openly to question whether the Union be really a Divine instrument, seeing the moral sacrifices it has required, it was evident to all Europe, as it had long been to all wise Americans, that the Union must break up in discord, unless its subjects could agree (and agree soon) to weed out the compromise which renders it now unworkable. The Washington newspapers of recent dates—the tidings which come from the very heart of the Union—openly acknowledge the danger. Within this month the Washington *Union* has spoken thus. After referring to a meeting at New York and another at Charleston, this central paper says: "We need not repeat what we have so often said, that whenever the North and the South are arrayed against each other, with political parties in the field exclusively sectional in their organizations, the days of the Union are necessarily numbered. The Charleston *Mercury*, therefore, is but carrying out its hostility to the Union when it advocates a Southern party, and repudiates the Democratic organization." The South, however, no sooner sees the North seriously forming a Disunion party than she complains of the treason and of some other things which show how empty were her own threats of secession. She complains of property especially, and of her weakness in all respects, in comparison with the North. One of the most curious features of the whole controversy is the incompatibility of the pleas of the party which began the sectional quarrel. The slave States complain of the oppression of the free States, while boasting in the same breath of their own supremacy in Congress, where they have carried all their points, from the beginning of the quarrel till now. Where they have been baffled, it has been by the nature of things, and not by the votes of the North. They complain that the free States are rich and populous, while they themselves are "ruined" in fortunes, and in a continually decreasing minority as to numbers; yet they furnish expeditions to "acquire" territory, of whose richness they hold out tempting accounts to settlers from Europe who, like John Mitchel, think a plantation stocked with fat negroes a very good thing. After playing fast and loose with the Union for above twenty years, the South seems to be at last really frightened lest the North should take her at her word. *The first and most obvious resource is to bring on the question of a foreign war.* The present time is remarkably favourable to the device. The Czar's emissaries have flattered the vanity, the cupidity and the prejudices of that class (large in every country, and predominant in a slaveholding one) who are in heart either despots or slaves. Spain is seen to be occupied with her new *régime*, and England and France with the war; so that a great amount of coveted territory is supposed to be less carefully guarded than usual. To crown all, the Cabinet at Washington is devoted to Southern interests, to an extent which a black page of American history will show to all posterity. This Cabinet is now the speaking-trumpet of the slave States, aggravating its insults and its boasts, for the purpose especially (among several) of silencing opposition in the North, by means of the common interest of a foreign war.

Will the policy succeed? Will the event justify the South in her confidence that the North will allow her to make war with England? *Nobody doubts that a war with England would either secure the Union for a further term or break it up at once.* Which is the more likely?

To us it appears that there are strong reasons for believing that a serious Government proposal of war with England would be the last stroke on the wedge which is splitting the Union. We think so for the following reasons:

The Northern States have even less interest in the threatened war than they had in that of 1812, which they refused to endure. They have made fearful sacrifices, even to the forfeiture of honour and conscience, to preserve their trade with the Southern States; but there is a limit to this as to every other sacrifice to Mammon. They bore the contumelious turning out of their envoy, whom they sent to Charleston to assert the constitutional rights of the free coloured seamen of the New England ports. They bore for twenty years a padlock on their lips, a censorship on their press; now a chain cordon round the Court-House in Boston; and now the murder of a citizen of Massachusetts on his own threshold in Illinois, for his righteous determination to work his own printing-press under the laws of that free State. They have borne more indignities than we have space to tell: so that they are now asking each other, even in their newspapers, "*Was not the Government of England harmless, compared to the tyrannical government of slaveholders?*" And now the time for throwing off the yoke, evidently near at hand, will probably be decided by the declaration of war against England, if the Washington Cabinet should perpetrate that act. That there is nothing in their commerce with the South which could compensate the North for their loss of the freedom of the seas is clear enough to those who are aware of a remarkable fact duly noted by those most nearly concerned. There was, in 1835, a great meeting in Faneuil Hall, in Boston (the "Cradle of Liberty"), called by "the property and standing" of the city, to put down the Abolitionists and their action. Of the long line of requisitionists on that occasion there are scarcely any who have not since been bankrupts, through the very trade with the South which they pawned their liberties to preserve. Twenty years more of experience have now shown them that their foreign commerce, and that of the free States of the West, are worth more to them than that of the South—impoverished, by her own account; and impoverished, as they have good reason to know, by slavery, which allows no wealth to grow beneath its hot and heavy tread. Whatever trade there may be with the West Indies is worth as much to them now as it would be if owned by the South; and they will be slow to risk their other foreign trade by collision with the great naval power of the world.

Again, they truly revere the Act of Union framed by their fathers, as they have shown only too well by their exaggerated and costly dread of danger to it during twenty years of political subserviency. They know—every man, woman and child in the States—that the founders of the Republic exerted their utmost ingenuity to limit the area of slavery, and that the Republic would never have been founded if its builders had supposed that slavery could become national in its spread and influence. Now that the free States find the vast North-West territory thrown open to slavery by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—now that they see the free settlers of Kansas, who are actually the majority of the population there, deprived of their political rights by sheer violence, and subjected to Territorial Government which sets all law and order at defiance—they are hardly likely to join the despotic power which thus treats their rights and their prospects, in a war against their best customers, their relatives by blood, their comrades in political privileges and social views and aspirations. *The alliance between Old and New England, in a crisis which tests the very principles that are the life-blood of both, must be stronger than the Union which the Northern and Southern States are alike and simultaneously threatening to dissolve. Massachusetts will never aim a stab at Europe to make South Carolina Queen.*

Again, the men of the North are renowned for their prudence. Whatever else may be said of them, nobody questions that quality. Prudent as they are, they know, as well as we do, that their fortunes in open war must depend on the soundness of their cause. They are not, and never can be in this age of the world, a military nation. Brave they are; capable of endurance, enthusiasm, self-denial, self-sacrifice, everything that can glorify a good cause and render it victorious; but their origin, their institutions and their national temper, raise them above that professional military training and individual military proficiency which alone can render a bad or doubtful cause successful. They have not men, discipline or experience which can enable them to succeed in aggressive warfare in Europe. The men of the North know this. And if they know that the fillibustering order of warfare is the one proposed, and the one which they must assent to, if they assent

remarks upon these clauses. Every man who takes office of any kind in the United States swears that he will uphold the Constitution *as it is at the present time*; and any one who votes for an office bearer is morally responsible for all that which he knows his representative *must* do. Now, I ask any one whether a man who conscientiously holds the opinion that slaveholding is a sin, a *malum per se*, can take office or vote under a Constitution which upholds slaveholding? No matter what his intention may be, whether he intends to use the power he gets for the benefit of the slave or not, ought he to vote or take the oath required? If with good intention he does so, he takes the oath with a mental reservation, and tacitly acknowledges that the end justifies the means!

This simple consideration is in my mind sufficient to justify the course adopted by the so-called Garrisonian Abolitionists.

I have trespassed so long on your space that I am afraid you will refuse insertion to this paper, but I beg of you to remember that I am defending the principles of some of the noblest men that ever lived, of some of those whose names are hardly ever mentioned here without some misinterpretation of their views and actions. If you can insert this, and can, in some future paper, give me a few lines more, I will add a few words to show that the anti-constitutional agitation is the most direct abolition movement that can be adopted.

I am, Sir, yours very truly, ALFRED STEINTHAL.

Bridgewater, October 24, 1855.

LETTER FROM MR. SUMNER.

To the Editors of The Boston Post.

SIRS: In your paper of yesterday, you are pleased to say, "When Charles Sumner was at the South, he was silky as possible upon the subject of slavery," and you then proceed, in confirmation of your own words, to quote an article from a Louisville paper, to this effect:

"At Lexington he first became acquainted with slavery, and such an effect did its 'horrors' have upon him that he could not resist acknowledging to gentlemen of our acquaintance how egregiously he had heretofore been mistaken. It happened, fortunately, that he passed the Sabbath in Lexington, and attended the African Baptist Church. The sight of so many well-dressed and well-behaved slaves opened his eyes. When he saw that they worshipped without molestation or surveillance, he was further astonished, and, when he studied their demeanour and countenances, all indicative of perfect happiness and contentment, he could but confess that his previous belief concerning slavery had been based upon information wholly incorrect. * * * In our city (Louisville), Mr. Sumner received the hospitable attention of several of our citizens. * * * While here his expressions concerning slavery were in terms of agreeable surprise at the state of affairs."

Now, Sirs, to this detailed statement I desire to make denial, both general and particular. I deny it as a whole and deny it in all its details.

Never, anywhere in the slave States, or out of them, in public or in private, have I expressed opinions on slavery inconsistent with those I have uttered from my seat in the Senate or at home in Massachusetts.

I did not pass the Sabbath in Lexington; I never attended the African Baptist Church there; I never saw its well-dressed and well-behaved slaves—"worshipping without molestation or surveillance"; I never "studied their demeanour and countenances, all indicative of perfect happiness and content"; and I never made any confession that "my previous belief concerning slavery had been based upon information wholly incorrect." This whole story is as baseless as a dream.

It is true that I was at Lexington; but I saw nothing there calculated to mitigate my previous aversions to slavery; nor did I ever acknowledge to anybody that I had been mistaken "egregiously," or otherwise.

It is true also that I was at Louisville for a single day, cheered by pleasant hospitality; but I had no occasion to express any opinions on slavery. If I manifested an "agreeable surprise" at anything, it was at the thoroughbred cattle, the woodlawn pastures and the blue grass, which are the pride of Kentucky. There was a "surprise" of a different character which I could not fail to manifest, at another place, when I witnessed the disgusting sale of human beings on the steps of a Court-house; and the honourable Kentuckian who was with me cannot have forgotten the pain and indignation which I was unable to repress.

It is not my habit to notice assaults on my opinions or public course, but I am unwilling that gross misstatements of fact, like those you have circulated, should pass without a point-blank contradiction.

I am, Sirs, your obedient servant,

CHARLES SUMNER.

THE CHARACTER AND PURPOSE OF WALKER.

WE think that our English cousins may rest assured that the United States Government has nothing to do with what are called the fillibustering movements of Colonel William Walker in Central America. There is, we are quite certain, no concert between them. To use a phrase of Yankee origin, Mr. Walker has been fighting and negotiating on his "own hook." Our information is that, while his character and designs have been much misunderstood even at home, particularly the former, the Government at Washington is wholly innocent of all concert and sympathy with him. It has no more to do with his alliance with the native opposition to the late Government or faction in power in Nicaragua than Lord Palmerston himself. That he had no design to conquer the country in order to place it at the disposal of the United States, or to bring it under subjection, against the popular will of the people, to his own separate and arbitrary rule, ought to be sufficiently evident from his prompt refusal of the Presidency or Dictatorship. If it be not deem'd so, from this fact alone, a brief reference to the personal character of the man will perhaps make it so.

Mr. Walker is a native of Tennessee. His education is liberal to an extreme. Few young men, we understand, enjoyed finer advantages in this respect than he did on coming to manhood. That he has not properly improved or legitimately directed them, in his subsequent career on the Pacific, is no fault of his personal habits, his lack of firmness, or want of political information. He is a lawyer by profession, and has had editorial experience at the press. His devotion to the Democratic principle of free government is extreme. On this point, faulty if you please, he has been stubborn and persevering, rather than enthusiastic. We understand, indeed, that enthusiasm, in the popular sense, is no part of his disposition. He is, or was, when he left the Atlantic States, and we have since heard nothing to the contrary, of a steady, sober habit, remarkably quiet in personal intercourse, of high moral courage and indomitable will. While nothing could have given his family, friends and acquaintances at home more surprise than the first news of his turning fillibuster in Lower California, there is not one of them who has since doubted his bravery or questioned his perseverance in execution of a settled political purpose. Nor do they believe that his success, when achieved, will be turned to bloody account, as against humanity, or to the willful disturbance of the relations between friendly powers with which his movements have no necessary connection.

Mr. Walker is a young man of only thirty-one years. If he is yet wanting in the elements of true wisdom as a politician, he is equally devoid of motive to desperation or recklessness as the successful invader of Nicaragua. Of the character of the material, in men, that he carried with him from San Francisco, and that which has since joined him from Sacramento, we are partially ignorant; though we incline to believe that he has the power and influence of complete control over them, and that, in any event, he will sacrifice his own life sooner than see his followers, as a body, bring odium on the cause, or defeat the purposes which he has (unwisely it may be) asserted in Nicaragua.—*N. Y. Times.*

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

From The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror, Oct. 27.

TESTIMONY OF A WEST INDIA PLANTER TO THE ADVANTAGES OF FREE OVER SLAVE LABOUR.—During my tour to the White Mountains, I met with a gentleman from Barbadoes, a West India planter, by the name of Charles Pettyjohn, who gave me his experience as a planter on that Island, in the cultivation of the sugar cane, and the manufacture of sugar both by slaves and free men.

"In 1834," said he, "I came in possession of 247 slaves under the laws of England, which required the owner to feed, clothe and furnish them with medical attendance. With this number I cultivated my sugar plantation until the Emancipation Act of August 1st, 1838, when they all became free. I now hire a portion of those slaves, the best and cheapest, of course, as you hire men in the United States. The average number which I employ is 100, with which I cultivate more land, at a cheaper rate, and make more produce than I did with the 247 slaves. With my slaves I made from 100 to 180 tons of sugar yearly. With 100 free negroes, I think I do badly if I do not annually produce 250 tons."

Such is the testimony of honest intelligence upon this most important subject, and adding another to the many facts already adduced that chattel slavery not only subverts the moral and social relations of master and slave, but equally strikes a blow at the pecuniary interests of both.

R. C. STONE.

NORTHERN BENEVOLENCE.—The mighty benefactions which the abused North has bestowed upon the plague-smitten cities of the South ought to shut forever the slanderous mouths of a race of lying politicians who thrive by the abuse they heap upon the citizens of the free States. They are called avaricious, picayunish, small-souled; they are pronounced destitute of those noble qualities of soul which adorn our human nature. This is uttered by men who are receiving charity in some shape continually from the free States. This present year, one city sends to the destitute of Norfolk and Portsmouth its $50,000; another its $30,000; another its $20,000. It is the *poor, fanatical* North which sends its tens of thousands to the suffering *rich* of the South! It will not be forgotten that not a year has elapsed since a great calamity befell a Northern city; the poor by thousands were suffering for bread; some died of famine; some were driven in despair to alternatives more to be dreaded than even the horrible death by starvation. Where then was the great-souled South, with its boasted liberality and wealth? Did it send off its thousands or millions to alleviate the necessities of the poor of New York? Yes; its magnanimous soul found a most appropriate manifestation in the splendid gift of $30, and that from some negro slaves! That this was a marvellous achievement for the south of Mason and Dixon, is attested by the publicity which so many newspapers in this end of the Union deemed it worthy to receive. That single fact exhibits, in its true light, the *real* difference between Northern and Southern character. The one seeks to achieve its ends without noise and ostentation: the other boasts continually and does nothing.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. — The Eighteenth Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 11th of December, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will probably continue in session, with adjournments, till noon on the following Thursday.

The occasion will, unquestionably, be one of great interest. Subjects of more than usual importance will claim the attention of the meeting, and business will be transacted vital to the interests of the cause. The outrage committed by Judge Kane upon the person of Passmore Williamson will be considered in all its bearings and relations, and the meeting will take such action in the premises as the importance and exigency of the case may seem to require.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and other advocates of the Cause from a distance have engaged to be present, and there will be no lack, during the meeting, of able speaking.

The members and friends of the Society, and all other persons interested in the progress of Impartial Liberty, are cordially invited to attend and participate in the proceedings.

By order of the Executive Committee.

J. M. MCKIM, Cor. Sec'y. JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. — The Twentieth Annual Fair of Pennsylvania will open on WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 12, to continue till SATURDAY NIGHT, in the ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, corner of Tenth and Chesnut streets. Admittance, 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents.

Contributors are requested to send their donations to the Anti-Slavery Office, 31 N. 5th street, or to the LARGE SALOON of the Assembly Buildings on the morning of the 12th.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

THE steamer which arrived last week told us strange tidings. The Pacific belied its name and brought no olive-branch over the waters of the great deep. She brought rumours not only of wars that are, but of wars that may yet be. Men's hearts had been troubled on the Exchange of Liverpool, and the American Minister had had to calm their fears by the assurance that he had not demanded his passports. The rumblings of the Thunderer of the Press, of which we had heard the week before, had redoubled themselves and had struck terror into the hearts of those that do business upon the great waters. It was believed that such intimations, coming from such a source, must have some foundation in fact. Without feeling any profound faith in the consistent veracity of *The Times*, when occasion may call for deception, it hardly seemed as if it could be worth its while to weave such a tissue as this from its own brain, merely. And we do not imagine that the assurance of Mr. Buchanan was a blow that would slay all apprehension outright, but rather an opiate that might put it to sleep for awhile. And on this side, notwithstanding the good face which our newspapers have put upon the matter, we doubt whether New York and Boston may not have felt some sympathetic anxieties in common with their correspondents in Liverpool or London. Voices in the air are sometimes heard to syllable dread names, and the thunder that comes from a clear sky—"*per purum*"—is an augury that makes men quake, if only for its strangeness.

The American press has, with great unanimity, consented to treat the idea of a war with England as an absurd impossibility. Is it so, indeed? It is not likely, to be sure, that any serious quarrel will grow out of the Enlistment question. Attorney-General Cushing's letters to District-Attorney Vandyke are as ill-mannered and offensive as they well can be. Their *animus* is plain enough and malicious enough. The chief Law Officer of the United States inferring from the instructions given to its agents by the Government of Great Britain to observe the laws of this country, in that matter, that it was meant that the *letter* was to be observed while the *spirit* was to be violated! A more ungentlemanlike and unstatesmanlike form of words could hardly be devised than that employed by Mr. Cushing in relation to Lord Clarendon's instructions. But, then, Mr. Cushing is a mere law officer of the Government, and in nowise connected with its Foreign Affairs, and he is not bound to be either a statesman or a gentleman. Whatever effect his impertinence may have upon the public mind of England, it can hardly be made the occasion of official notice. The execution of our Neutrality Laws will not be interfered with. Persons suffering under them may be compensated by the British Government, if their cases call for such interposition, but that will be all. We shall not come to blows on that quarrel. But there are other quarrels which may by possibility lead to the final argument of Kings and Nations. We may carry our impertinences and our interferences to a point which the British Lion will not stand. Our fillibustering propensities may take directions and forms which John Bull will feel bound to resist at all hazards. He has been patient and long-suffering as long as we have confined ourselves to the main-land. He has submitted to let us call the whole boundless continent ours. But let us not lay our profane hands on any of the sea-girt isles,

> "That like to rich and various gems inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep!"

The Island Queen is the Protectress of the Islands, and will stand between us and them. For she wears sundry of those emeralds in her own crown, which she will not let our thievish fingers come near. This, we presume, even Mr. Everett knows now, since the lesson in geography Lord John Russell gave him awhile ago.

Now, nothing could be more murderous to the prosperity and growth of both nations than a war between the United States and England. If such things were always cyphered out from the ledger and deduced from the Trial Balance, we certainly should have no war with each other. Indeed, there would be no war anywhere. But, Wars, no more than Revolutions, are not made with a slate and pencil. They grow out of human passions rather than from material interests. Are there no passions, slumbering or awake, which may blaze up into this awful conflagration? Now, there are two parties whose consent must be had before we can have war between these two countries. The one is the middling classes of England, and the other is the Slaveholders of this country. No minister can stand a moment in England when the public sentiment of the people is on the side of the opposition. Lord Aberdeen and the aristocracy were forced into the present war with Russia by the pressure from below them. Neither Lord Palmerston nor any imaginable successor can declare a war with America unless the general voice speaks through him. So, on this side, we can have no war with England or with any other Power except the decree is registered in the Chancery of the Slave Power. No war is possible that is not waged with the consent and by the direction of our slaveholding masters. This is an axiomatic proposition, and must be admitted by every impartial and intelligent mind. The question arises, then, is it likely that any state of affairs can exist that will incline these two ruling powers to submit to the burdens and losses which must attend upon a state of war? These would be enormous on both sides. For, though the Slaveholders make us pay nearly the whole expense of the Government, that of the wars waged for their benefit, and even their postage bills included, and would continue to do so yet more heavily in the case supposed, still they could not evade the losses which would accrue from the interruption of the transit of their productions to Europe. It must be a great temptation, or a great provocation, that can lead parties to break the peace that are so heavily bound over to keep it.

Do such exist or can such be excited? If there be a passion, absorbing and supreme, in any human breasts, that of the Slaveholders of this country for fresh territory passes it in intensity and in supremacy. And this for two reasons. One, because the existence of Slavery depends on fresh food to devour. Like the monsters of Greek mythology, its consuming maw demands a virgin tribute constantly renewed. The other, because the formation of new Slave States is essential to the maintenance of its political control of the Nation. New lands are demanded by the Avarice and by the Ambition of the Slaveholders—indeed, by their instinct of Self-preservation. They have long been casting wistful eyes across the Gulf of Mexico and hungering after the Fortunate Islands beyond, fragrant with tropical productions which even their own sunny soil denies them. The appetite is growing stronger and stronger. Already have they stretched out their itching palms to try and lay hold of them. And though they have withheld their hands thus far, it is only because they have felt that the Hesperian fruit was not yet ripe, or that the fit harvest-hour had not come. All their creatures at Washington and in the Northern States, from the President downwards, have shown themselves ready for the work as soon as the signal is given. It is only a question of the fulness of time. And can there be a more favourable time than now, when England and France are engaged in deadly strife with Russia? The opportunity is a golden one, and such another may not bloom again for a century. Is the prize worth the certain risk and the possible cost? On the decision of that question depends the commission of the overt act—of the *casus belli*—which may plunge us into the fiery furnace of war. And who will say that the decision will be for delay and for peace?

So much for the Power that holds in its hand the issues of War and Peace, on this side the Ocean. How is it with its correlative (but how different!) Supremacy, on the other. The material interests of the British people are as nearly dependant on peace with this country as those of the Slaveholders themselves. The great consumers of cotton have almost as much to dread from an American war as the chief planters of it. It must be a great principle or a great passion that can overpower so strong a sense of self-interest. Politicians are apt to take the selfishness of men and nations for granted and make it one of the sure elements of their calculations. But how often are they deceived. The whole history of England, indeed, for the last century and a half, is a contradiction to this theory. The National Debt has grown up to its present immensity chiefly for fighting the battles of other people, to the immediate and the remote detriment of British prosperity. This very Russian war, which is laying waste the homes of England as well as the Tauric Chersonese, is waged against British merchants and manufacturers as well as against the Northern autocrat. It was demanded by the masses of the people, and extorted from a reluctant Ministry, because they looked upon it as a generous interference in behalf of the weak against the strong. We do not say whether they were right or wrong in this opinion, but we are sure that this is the principle that kindled the war-spirit and that still keeps it a-glow. But is not Spain a feeble Power as well as Turkey? And will Britons look on patiently to see the Autocrats of the West tear from her her most precious possession? Or seize on Haiti? Even if the noble spirit which led to the Emancipation of West Indian Slavery (another special commentary on the selfish philosophies of the Walpoles and the Machiavels!)—even if that spirit had died out, and they looked with indifference on the spread of Slavery there, they could not safely suffer such a neighbour so near their own possessions in those seas. Besides these motives of generosity, of pride, of self-protection, we are all the time providing irritants to the sensitive self-love of a proud nation. The currish impertinence of a whelp like Caleb Cushing, in this Enlistment matter, and the whole tone of the Administration Press about it, must help to create that state of mind which goes before fighting; and especially when they know that enlistments are openly conducted for piratical expeditions, like that of Lopez or of Walker, with scarcely a show of opposition from the Government, and when General Wool was reprimanded for interfering with this last-named hero in California. These petty provocations, added to graver interests, may yet raise a cry in England that shall drown the groans of Liverpool and Manchester, and compel a War at all hazards and at any cost.

Supposing that the two governing principles of the two nations are brought up to the fighting point, what will be the effect of the War on us of the Free States? We have copied this week a couple of able editorials from the London *Daily News*, evidently written by some one familiar with our later history. This writer indicates a Separation between the Northern and Southern States as likely to grow out of it. The American Press scouts this idea and tells the Englishman that such a war would only bind us the closer together. Is this altogether certain? The analogies drawn from the last war with England are more instructive than these presses will admit. It is true that the Hartford Convention has been made a Raw Head and Bloody Bones to frighten froward politicians from any opposition to any wars demanded by the Slaveholders. But who have made it such? Why, the the Slaveholders and their Northern tools. And this with small provocation, as far as the Convention itself was concerned; for it was but an accessory of their own, after all. The people of New England, smarting under the sufferings the war brought to them, seeing their commerce destroyed, their industry crippled, their wealth swept away, Comfort and Plenty forsaking their hearths and gaunt Poverty stalking in to take their place, the people of New England were ready for a Dissolution of the Union. They demanded it as the rightful remedy of the wrongs they endured. The relations of the different parts of the country as affected by Slavery were by no means as well understood then as they are now, thanks to the labours of the Abolitionists. Still, the New Englanders felt instinctively that the war of 1812 was one not of England with America, but the South with the North—that it was not England that was their enemy, but the Slaveholders and their minions. So they called the Hartford Convention, and the Convention, instead of doing what it was called to do, held the people in play until that tide in human affairs was lost. The Hartford Conventionists deserved the political damnation which was visited upon them, but not for their treason to the Union, but for their want of faith towards their constituents. But had not the Peace of 1815 soon supervened, even the masterly inactivity of the leading Federalists of that day could not have saved the Union. A Convention would have been called that would have done the work required of them.

Now, suppose a like state of things to exist now. Let our Commerce be swept from the seas. Let our ports be blockaded. Let famine prices prevail, while the incomes of the rich and the wages of the poor shall be cut down or cease altogether. Let the Union take the shape of poverty and ruin to the producing and the wealthy classes, instead of riches and employment, and we shall see how the patriotic thermometer will stand. When it is forced upon men's minds that the war is not with England, but with themselves; when they see that the quarrel is one with which they have less to do than with the conquest of Turkey by Russia; when they see that the party in interest in the war is as totally a stranger to their prosperity as Alexander or Abdal Medschid; when they find that they are fighting bloody battles, incurring enormous debts, paying crushing taxes, enduring the horrors and sufferings of war, and all for the behoof of their natural and necessary enemies, we think that the Union will look less rose-coloured than it is painted in Castle Garden or Faneuil Hall. The Union is a very fine thing and well worth paying the price for preserving, as long as that price is merely a negro waiter or barber that has fled to us for safety; but is it worth the price of commercial bankruptcy, of wide-spreading ruin, of enormous pauperism, of universal impoverishment? As long as the Union is content with entering the garret or cellar where the poor fugitive slave lies hid, it is a Glorious one; but will not the halo around its head be somewhat dimmed when it sets its equal foot on the mansions of the Fifth Avenue, or Walnut Street, or Beacon Street? We think such a change of attitude would work a marvellous change in ideas. It is well known that none of our coast defences are at all sufficient in the present state of scientific warfare. In six hours a British fleet would force its way into the harbour of New York or Boston, and in forty-eight could lay either in ashes? When the Union takes this shape, will it be so altogether lovely as it is now in eyes which regard it as the symbol of their present wealth and prosperity? We do not know; but we think that the constitution of human nature has not yet been superseded to that extent by the Constitution of the United States. It has demoralized the Nation, we know. Has it crushed out all its spirit of resistance to injury? It is not impossible that we may have a chance to see.

MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE PLANTATION.

THE letter of the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge to Senator Seward, which will be found under its appropriate head, affords a striking illustration of the truth uttered by Jefferson when he declared, that men trained under the influence of slavery could not but be "stamped by it with odious peculiarities," and that the man must be a "prodigy" who, in such circumstances, could "preserve his manners and his morals uncontaminated." Dr. Breckinridge professes to be a teacher of the religion of Him who was the exemplar of meekness and purity, and yet his "manners," as exhibited in the letter referred to, are those of a plantation overseer, the "morals" he advocates those of the pit, and his spirit that of a tyrant and desperado. His self-complacency is simply ludicrous. In his effort to be impressively grave and solemn, he succeeds only in becoming, by turns, ridiculously impertinent or pompously overbearing and insolent. The whole tone of his letter, indeed, is truculent and contemptuous, befitting rather an overseer dealing with a refractory slave than a clergyman addressing an American Senator. He is evidently writhing under disappointment and mortification because an equally impertinent letter addressed by him, some time since, to the HON. Charles Sumner, has never been noticed by that gentleman. He will have no better success, we fancy, in his effort to get into a controversy with Mr. Seward. Aside from the objectionable tone and spirit of the letter, it contains nothing in the shape of argument that might not be easily demolished by the veriest tyro in anti-slavery discussion. As an illustration of the spirit of slavery in general and of slaveholding piety in particular, it may challenge a passing notice from the press, but a Northern Senator can hardly be expected to reply to such a production.

Dr. Breckinridge assumes that a certain passage in a speech delivered recently, by Senator Seward, in Buffalo was "devoted" to him—"a private person—as if he were of himself a power to be classed with principalities and dominions!" The ground of this assumption is not so clear, since no name is mentioned by Mr. Seward, and the proposition adduced and replied to has been offered, not alone by Dr. Breckinridge, but by scores of pro-slavery champions, again and again, in pulpit, press and forum. The passage referred to, so far from containing satisfactory intrinsic evidence of being directed to Mr. B., might, for aught that appears, have been uttered while Mr. Seward was in a state of blissful ignorance that the clerical champion of human bondage had ever addressed an intrusive letter to the Senator from Massachusetts. Northern Senators must have a care as to their public addresses, lest they utter something that may, by some remote inference, be understood to refer to some argument or proposition advanced by the man who assumes to hold the thunders of the Kentucky slave-breeders in his clerical fist!

The grave solemnity with which Dr. Breckinridge holds Senator Seward responsible for the "ostentatious titles" prefixed by the editors of *The Times* to his Buffalo speech, which, of course, were never seen by him save in print, is amusing enough, though that is by no means the most ridiculous part of his letter.

Dr. Breckinridge is as far from replying to the arguments of Mr. Seward as he is from presenting any in support of his own monstrous assumptions. In fact, he studiously misrepresents Mr. Seward throughout, affecting (the artful rogue!) to understand him as waging war, not against the unconstitutional extension of slavery into new territory, but against slavery itself as existing in the Southern States! Is there any use in offering grave argument for the consideration of a man so utterly unscrupulous as this? We trow not. Mr. Seward was indicating the principles and policy of the Republican party, which proposes only such moderate anti-slavery measures as were definitively sanctioned by the fathers of the Republic, including Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and other lights of the South; and yet the priestly champion of despotism unblushingly pretends that he can see no difference between this and downright abolitionism. Our Republican friends can see from this how much they gain by carefully limiting their anti-slavery in conformity to the Constitution! They find themselves set down, after all, as Garrisonians and revolutionists!

What is the offence of Senator Seward and the Republican party? Simply that they propose that the General Government shall exclude slavery from new territory already possessed or to be acquired, just as the same power, with the sanction of leading statesmen of all parties, South as well as North, excluded it from the Northwest Territory. That is all, and the consummation of this design, Dr. Breckinridge tells us, would "degrade and oppress" the South. And what is the character of that system, the extension of which, at the pleasure of the South, is indispensable to her independence and welfare? We will answer in the words of Dr. Breckinridge himself, uttered more than twenty years ago:

"What, then, is slavery? for the question relates to the action of certain principles on it, and to its probable and proper results; what is slavery as it exists among us? We reply, it is that condition enforced by the laws of one half of the States of this Confederacy, in which one portion of the community, called masters, is allowed such power over another portion called slaves; as

"1. To deprive them of the entire earnings of their own labour, except only so much as is necessary to continue labour itself, by continuing healthful existence, thus committing CLEAR ROBBERY.

"2. To reduce them to the necessity of UNIVERSAL CONCUBINAGE, by denying to them the civil rights of marriage; thus breaking up the dearest relations of life, and encouraging UNIVERSAL PROSTITUTION.

"3. To deprive them of the means and opportunities of moral and intellectual culture, in many States making it a high penal offence to teach them to read; thus perpetuating whatever of evil there is that proceeds from ignorance.

"4. To set up between parents and their children an authority higher than the impulse of nature and the laws of God; which breaks up the authority of the father over his own offspring, and, at pleasure, separates the mother at a returnless distance from her child; thus abrogating the clearest laws of nature; thus outraging all decency and justice, and degrading and oppressing thousands upon thousands of beings, created like themselves, in the image of the most high God! This is slavery as it is daily exhibited in every slave State."

Such is American slavery, as described by the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge twenty years ago, and as it is still "daily exhibited in every slave State." The Republican party, whose principles were expounded by Mr. Seward in his Buffalo speech, proposes no unconstitutional interference with this diabolical system where it already exists by the force of State authority, but only that the National Government, in the exercise of a power conceded to it by Washington, Jefferson, Madison and other great lights of the South, and actually employed by them for the exclusion thereof from what was in their day our great North-western domain, shall prevent the spread of the monstrous evil in States yet unorganized. Dr. Breckinridge assures us that he is "not conscious of any serious change" in his opinions on this subject "during the last thirty-five years." Of course, therefore, we are to understand that he still regards slavery as "CLEAR ROBBERY," a system which reduces its victims to "THE NECESSITY OF UNIVERSAL CONCUBINAGE," "ENCOURAGES UNIVERSAL PROSTITUTION," "DEPRIVES THEM OF THE MEANS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CULTURE," SUNDERS ALL FAMILY TIES, "SEPARATING THE MOTHER AT A RETURNLESS DISTANCE FROM HER CHILD," "ABROGATING THE CLEAREST LAWS OF NATURE," "OUTRAGING ALL DECENCY AND JUSTICE," and "DEGRADING AND OPPRESSING THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF BEINGS CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF THE MOST HIGH GOD." And yet, with this knowledge and conviction, illustrated and enforced by the observation and experience of "a life now leaning towards old age," he becomes the voluntary champion of the stupendous villany which proposes to extend this system over countless square miles of territory and to inject the veins of new States with the deadly virus of the loathsome ulcer! Is not this the acme of self-stultification and brazen effrontery? Jefferson, though accounted an infidel, trembled at the thought that God was just, and that his justice would not sleep forever, and, contemplating the fearful probability that a time would come when slavery could be maintained only by a bloody war, he solemnly uttered his conviction, "that the Almighty had no attribute that could take sides with the slaveholders in such a contest." But here is a Christian (!) minister, eminent for learning and piety (!) in one of the most numerous and wealthy branches of the American Church (Old School Presbyterian), who, rather than that the South should permit the National Government to employ its constitutional power to prevent the spread of slavery, would counsel her to spill an ocean of human blood! For the slaveholders to threaten a dissolution of the Union and to involve the land in all the horrors of a civil war rather than yield the privilege of extending the area of bondage, is all very statesmanlike, loyal and Christian in the estimation of this Reverend champion of oppression and lust; but for the North peacefully to combine for the resistance of a scheme as unconstitutional as it is villanous, and thus expose the Union to the danger of being dissolved by the patriotic South, is factious, immoral, disloyal and treasonable! The Book which Mr. Breckinridge professes to regard as of Divine authority declares that "RIGHTEOUSNESS exalteth a nation, while SIN is a reproach to any people"; but this doctrine, in his estimation, is only treason and fanaticism. He sees the exaltation of the South, not in the practice of righteousness and virtue, but in a bloody assertion of the power to extend a system of robbery, concubinage and prostitution; and her "degradation," "dishonour," "oppression," "subjugation" and "reproach"—for, save the last, these are all his words—in the sacrifice of that power.

Mr. Breckinridge reaffirms with increased emphasis the monstrous doctrine contained in his letter to Mr. Sumner, viz.: that the interest, safety and happiness of the white people of this country would be put in jeopardy by the emancipation of the slaves; and he enforces it by an appeal not alone to the teachings of philanthropy and philosophy, but to the spirit of Christianity and the authority of God! The appeal proves him a stark Atheist—we had almost said a blasphemer. That God commands oppressors, everywhere and under all circumstances, to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free"—not to-morrow, nor next year, nor at any period in the indefinite future, but NOW, without hesitation or delay—is a self-evident as well as a Bible truth—a truth to be asserted with all the solemnity of Divine authority, and which, needing no array of argument to enforce its claims, commends itself at once to the unperverted instincts and convictions of the human understanding, conscience and heart. The "safety and happiness" of mankind can be secured only by obedience to the law of God, and to affirm that they can be promoted by upholding and perpetuating a system of oppression, injustice, cruelty and lust, is to flout his authority and impugn his beneficence and wisdom. The life-blood of the American Church is defiled with this atheistic leprosy, which breaks forth in hideous blotches in her sermons, speeches, magazines, newspapers, and even her prayers. To the Abolitionists, whom she denounces as "infidels," Divine Providence has assigned the duty of rebuking her blasphemies, exposing her fearful hypocrisy, and lifting up out of the mire, into which it has been trampled by her atheistic feet, the sacred law of the Infinite God—the law of Justice, Freedom and Humanity—the law which wins both individuals and nations to obedience by promises of inconceivable prosperity and happiness, and flames before the eye of the transgressor the fearful announcement: "WO UNTO THE WICKED! IT SHALL BE ILL WITH HIM, FOR HE SHALL EAT THE FRUIT OF HIS DOINGS."

If Dr. Breckinridge had avowed himself a convert to the faith of Channing, though his spirit were eminently Christian and his whole life consecrated to the work of humanity, there is not an orthodox pulpit in the land from which he would not be unhesitatingly excluded; but notwithstanding his appearance before the world as the advocate of a cause involving the extension and perpetuity of a system of robbery, outrage and lust, there are few such pulpits in which he would not be welcomed as a paragon of piety and a bright exemplar of Christian doctrine! If he were a heretic in one item of the popular creed, a thousand voices would call for his expulsion from the ministry and the Church; but as he only invokes the name of God and Christ to sanction a war for the extension of human bondage, with all its woes and crimes, he will still be accounted a worthy ambassador of the Prince of Peace, and his "praise" will still be heard "in all the churches."

NEW YORK AND MASSACHUSETTS ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections in Massachusetts and New York has disappointed the hopes of the friends of liberal opinions throughout the country. These great centres of intelligence radiate influences, moral and political, that affect opinion everywhere else. If Massachusetts and New York say that *there is no North*, then, *there is no North*. It is true that the elections just transpired will have no direct influence on political measures. There were no members of Congress to be elected in either State, nor any vacancy in the Senate, which the Legislature of either was to fill. Happily all that important work was done in the hey-day of anti-Nebraska sentiment last year. But the indirect result of these elections must be most disastrous, achieved as it was against what odds of eloquence and argument; what powerful incentives in a noble cause! In New York, Seward lent his giant strength to prevent the disaster; Greeley and Weed conspired with the tremendous moral force of their presses to withstand the apostacy. In Massachusetts, Sumner and a host of the ablest men in the country, men whose names are historic, the very elite of all parties, laboured heroically and zealously together in the Republican cause. A combination had been made which seemed to attract to itself out of all the old parties whatever was worthy, honest and of good report, and to repel whatever was venal, corrupt, degraded and politically and morally bankrupt. The canvass has been an unusually earnest and animated one. The argument has been thorough and complete, and, considering the contest *intellectually*, the various opponents of the Republican movement have been shamefully beaten and overwhelmed with triumphant ridicule. The results of these intellectual contests always mislead us. We expect the party successful in argument to be successful in voting. We expect that the candidate hooted off the hustings with obloquy and contempt, that seem universal, will come out in small figures in the returns. We expect the lie unmasked in a hundred newspapers, the sophistry exposed and the flimsy pretexts unwound with clear, unanswerable logic at a hundred public conventions, will disappear and nevermore show their heads as live things again. But in all these expectations we are often, perhaps oftenest, mistaken. The men who read newspapers, and attend political conventions, numerous as they may be, are but a minority of those who decide political questions for us. On election day there swarms forth, from the unsunned caves and dens of ignorance, hordes of enfranchised fellow-citizens, from whose demented heads, to use a figure of Sydney Smith's, it would require a surgical operation to extract the stale and antique errors, the musty, dry-rotten prejudices, of which they are possessed. These men were born with traditional antipathies against the English and foreigners generally, against Roman Catholics, against Indians and Africans. If you tell them that the Pope is about to invade New York at the head of a hundred thousand Catholic Irish, that the British are flooding the country with gold to affect elections, that the blacks from the South are coming to marry all our daughters, or that the Indians will upset Lake Erie upon the State of Pennsylvania, they will readily believe it all. Any red rag of a banner that tickles these patriotic antipathies, any *rub-a-dub* clamour that keeps time with their rude hates of proscribed classes, will stir their pulses as the *Marsellaise* does the hearts of French Republicans. American *Know-Nothingism* thrives and fattens upon the support of these classes. Its success is their advent to political life and influence, or rather the advent of those who make them their dupes and pack-horses—men who set aside all the grave issues of political contests, involving, as they do, individual and national welfare and long courses of history, and make them the mere feints and shuffles to push themselves into office.

In the great leading States of Massachusetts and New York, *Know-Nothingism* turns up the successful contestant at the ballot-boxes. Derided, *hissed* at, *Know-Nothingism* rallies the brute fore of its numbers to drown the discussion and decision of the gravest questions of national concern since the Revolution. Massachusetts, with her common schools, her churches, her hundred newspapers, her eloquent men, her works of genius, falling like snow-flakes from her presses, makes Henry J. Gardner her Governor! Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! Appealed to by sagacious and fore-casting patriotism, to champion the resistance against a slaveholding aristocracy that has usurped and perverted our Republicanism, as she once led the resistance to colonial taxation, an infinitely less grievance, and she stands there mumbling responsively incoherent nonsense about "*the influence of foreigners!*" Supplicated by her own sons in Kansas, in pathetic tones of terror and alarm, for but a word of encouragement in their struggle, now waxing towards bloodshed, to make their home, and the home of their children, a *Free State*, and she answers, in lunatic gibberish, that the liberties of the country are in danger from the bed-ridden Pope of Rome!

This, then, is the show for a successful onslaught upon the Slave Power in 1856. The half-equipped forces have mutinied, deserted and scattered before even reaching the place of rendezvous. The ranks are broken before they have come near the enemies' country or smelt the first whiff of his gunpowder. The South, in profound quiescence since the Nebraska triumph, has not so much as raised a minatory finger and said, *Hush*, to the noise of our small indignation, and yet we are scampering in all directions in terror of her resentment. What, then, will be the effect when she stands in her full panoply of truculence and bombast and shakes at us the *Dissolution of the Union*, that *Gorgon's head* that turns the *faces* of our Northern hinds into *dough*? These elections were but local in their character and occurred in the interregnum of the great Presidential struggles, periods when the South always permits the North to indulge the whim of its prejudices. What may we then expect when the prize of the Presidency and the patronage of fifty thousand offices are thrown in to corrupt and complicate the contest? The truth is, the elections of this year have shown that the anti-slavery sentiment is still feeble in the minds of the masses; that the Nebraska outrage effected no permanent conversion of the people. It is to the steady growth of anti-slavery opinion, produced by discussion of principles and the culture of the conscience, that we are to look for results, rather than to the effect of transient measures. The American people are not sufficiently educated to make a party based upon a moral sentiment successful. The fact that slavery is tolerated shows that the nation wishes to have it so. Corrupt old politicians turn the universal laugh against justice as an *impracticable abstraction*; and even clear-sighted and sagacious reformers think it necessary to *sandwich* pure and noble principle betwixt some popular expediency on the one side and disreputable prejudice on the other. The *Republican* party throughout the North, when sifted

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, 17th Nov., 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: As you seem—judging from the number and variety of your correspondents—to keep open house and maintain the hospitalities of a "free platform," perhaps you will not consider it an intrusion if a stranger presents himself for admission to your columns. I am not a subscriber to THE STANDARD, but I read it frequently and admire it much. Without endorsing all its opinions, I regard it as one of the ablest and most consistent journals now published. This I say, not to propitiate your favour for an unknown correspondent, but because it is my sincere and maturely-formed conviction. I like a paper like yours. You give us both sides of the question. You let your enemies speak for themselves. This shows confidence in your cause. It is both honest and politic. But it might nevertheless be carried to an injudicious extent. Now, I think some of your friends in Boston have fallen into an error in this respect. They have invited some of the ablest and most plausible champions of Slavery at the South to occupy their platform. And not only this, they pay them for it. On what principle is this done? Where is the consistency in the professed friends of Freedom hiring men to advocate Slavery? And what policy is there in bringing out an unsophisticated Northern audience to listen to the unexposed specioisities of a sophistical Southern slaveholder? This is *audi alteram partem* with a vengeance. It is magnanimity run mad.

But, perhaps these Boston Yankees have an eye to the main chance. Excuse me, if they are friends of yours; I mean no offence. But people, and especially Yankee people, are not wont to be so excessively magnanimous without an object. Perhaps it *pays*. Possibly, for instance, the name of that insolent slave-driver, Toombs, will draw an audience and realize (for the cause?) a handsome sum. The Boston people are a curious people. That is, they are a people of curiosity. They can't wait, it would seem from this, till the prophesied time comes, but they want to see beforehand the man who is to call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument.

Well, curiosity is well enough in its place, but in a case of this kind there are other qualities of character that I like better. Self-respect, for instance, is a very graceful and decorous trait; and if the Boston Committee will not take offence, I would respectfully commend it to them as not unworthy of cultivation. But perhaps I don't understand this matter aright. There may be another view of the case, in which the affair would present itself in a different aspect. In that case, you or some one else will perhaps help me to see it in the proper light. May be "D. Y.," who lives on the spot and doubtless knows all about it, will vouchsafe an explanation of the affair, for the benefit of myself and others—if any there be—like-minded.

By the way—speaking of "D. Y.," he writes most capital letters. His is the pen of a master. He is at home in all good reading, and well versed in everything pertaining to polite literature. I enjoy his letters amazingly; especially when I am a *leetle* splenetic. His blade has a keen edge, and his pen a sharp nib. The one sometimes draws blood, and the other is dipped occasionally into—not gall, by any means, but something that is too acerb to allow the supposition that the milk of human kindness is its chief ingredient. Nevertheless, I like him—hugely. I should like him still more if his turn of mind were such as to admit a little more variety of style. One cannot always be in the satiric vein, you know; and it is sometimes a pleasant change to have a subject discussed with a reasonable degree of gravity. One's enjoyment of the ludicrous depends a good deal on one's mood. A sober, earnest, direct style is one that hardly ever comes amiss in an anti-slavery newspaper. But don't understand me as complaining of "D. Y.," or of his style; I am doing neither. I like the man, what little I know of him, and admire his letters—especially, as I said before, when I am in the mood.

Who is to be our next President? Buchanan—Dallas—Franklin Pierce, or Governor Wise? The probabilities, I suppose, are in favour of the first named, but my preferences, I must confess, lean to the last. I should "admire," as your Yankees say, to see Wise President of this Republic. He is no half-way man; no doughface; no milk-sop. He's a straight-out slave-driver, and no mistake. Hear him:

"But, if the Democracy can again succeed, and cannot again unite upon a better man than I am, and they *will* unite upon me, I can only say that I will—*à la mode* Jackson—fervently and effectually rule Black Republicanism. *I will rule them!*"

That's the man for me. And that's the man that's needed just now in a place like the Presidential chair, where the people could see him. It would open their eyes. He would be an illustrative, if not an illustrious, President. There are some people who still retain the impression that the United States Government is a *bona fide* Democracy. They fancy—good innocent souls—that the President is in fact, as he is in theory, the Executive of the people. They don't know that he is the Executive only of the Slave Power, and that of the people he is their *Ruler*. "*I would rule them!*" he says, and indicating his meaning by italics and note of exclamation!—"I would rule them"—*with a vengeance*. He would "mask no subterfuge." He would assert boldly the nationality of the Slave Code and the Supremacy of the Slave Power. We should then have a model Republic; a Republic like that of France, where Louis Napoleon was its President. We should then be ready for a *Coup d' Etat* by which the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, with a Secretary of War like Jefferson Davis claiming to be acting commander-in-chief of the land forces, could assume, *à la* Louis Napoleon, imperial powers, and, like him, for the good of the nation, exercise uncontrolled dictatorial sway. Do you say there is no probability of things reaching such an extreme as this? Then you have not read history to much purpose, nor pondered carefully the workings of human ambition. There is but a step between a Republic and a Military Despotism. The transition from one to the other is sometimes very easy. A few years more, perhaps another Presidential term, may put us therein. My own impression is that in 1860 the question will be between a Military Despotism (by whatsoever specious name it may be called) and Disunion—and in saying this, I don't assume to be either a prophet or a prophet's son.

And this leads me to another point. You talk of *abolishing* slavery. You can never do it. You may do that which may possibly lead to it; but as for your doing the thing itself, it is out of the question. You have no right to do it; no legal authority to do it; no political power with which to do it. All you can do, and all you are called upon to do, is to wash your hands of it. The idea of abolishing slavery by the application of moral suasives to Southern consciences has proved impracticable. The Southern people are determined to hold on to their slaves; more determined than they have ever been before. There used to be some appearance of hesitation among them; and some were frank enough to confess to a doubt. But now they seem to be all of one mind. Priest and politician agree in declaring slavery to be an institution of God, and a *sine qua non* of a Free Government. All doubters are either argued into acquiescence or terrorized into silence. Union men have become sectional, and the whole South, political, ecclesiastical and social, has become fused into one pro-slavery mass. The idea of your American Anti-Slavery Society, or any other Society, or all other Societies put together, persuading or arguing this judicially-blinded mass into the abrogation of their *Divinely* ordained system, is the merest chimera in the world. I tell you, gentlemen, "Ephraim is joined to his idols," and all you have to do is to "let him alone." That is, *leave* him alone. Stand from under. Wash your hands. Withdraw your shoulders. What else can you do? I ask this not rhetorically, but for information; "*What else can you do?*"

Well, Williamson is out of jail, and I am glad of it. I could have wished his final answer had been couched somewhat differently; but different minds are differently constituted. He is satisfied, and so are the people, and why should I be discontented? He is a brave fellow, and has carried himself gallantly to the last. All honour to him, I say, for his fidelity. Judge Kane may not be defeated, but he is—if he has any sensibility—terribly mortified. He is humiliated before the bar and degraded in the eyes of the profession throughout the country. He is resting under a weight of public odium, which is more than any common man can bear up under, but which, in the end, must crush him. For the present he seems to endure it well enough, but he will yet have to cry out, that his "punishment is greater than he can bear."

Williamson has sued for damages, and this, too, I am glad of. Not to have done so would have been to confess himself in the wrong. This is the view that *practical* people would take of the matter. If, say they, Judge Kane has injured this man, let him demand reparation. Well, he does demand reparation. This is the right position for him to take before the public; and the moral effect of his doing so will be good. *Prima facie*, the man who is prosecuted for an offence is guilty of that offence; and by the same reasoning the man who courts a verdict of his peers has, by that fact, justice on his side. This may not always be correct, but it is the evidence by which the mass of the people generally make up their minds. The moral effect, therefore, of this suit will be to confirm the impression already prevalent, that Williamson is in the right and Judge Kane in the wrong.

The case is to be tried in Delaware County, the County adjoining Philadelphia, the Seat of Justice of which—Media—is about an hour's travel by rail from the city. Townsend Haines, at one time an office-holder in Washington, under Fillmore, is the presiding Judge, and, although he is not an Abolitionist, may be *justly* styled a "learned and upright magistrate." The people of that County are generally honest farmers, or industrious manufacturers; and there is no doubt that Mr. Williamson will get—what he wants—an unprejudiced jury, and that Judge Kane will receive—what he does n't want—impartial justice.

Begging your pardon for demanding so much of your courtesy, I subscribe myself, gentlemen, yours, with sincere respect,

HOMINUM OBSERVATOR.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, November 2, 1855.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I gather from the extracts from the leading London journals that appear in our newspapers that some disturbance has taken place in the friendly relations that have existed between our own Government and that of the United States. It seems that the British Minister at Washington has been improperly forward in attempts to obtain recruits for our army on your soil, and that Caleb Cushing has resented the imprudence in sundry despatches that indicate a great readiness to plunge the two countries into a quarrel by way of reparation. All whom I have heard express any opinion on the subject regard a war on such contemptible grounds as utterly impossible, although nobody who knows anything of Cushing's antecedents believes he would scruple at any means, however diabolical, by which he could increase his own political capital, or support the waning credit of the Democratic party by rousing the bad passions and national antipathy of the worst and most foolish portion of your population. The disposition is general amongst us to believe that the prudent, thoughtful and truly respectable portion of the American people, as well as the whole of our own, would look upon a war with America as one of the greatest calamities that could befall either nation.

The three kingdoms were never so compact and united as they are now. I never remember Ireland so free from faction and agitation as she now is. The present is a time of great agricultural prosperity, and Ireland partakes of this prosperity in a very great degree. I have repeatedly heard it said of late that the Irish farmers never had such times. Irish labour was never so well paid in Ireland as at present. During the late harvest, wages were very nearly up to the American standard. One of the strongest proofs that could be given of the extinction of that factious spirit which was so inimical to Irish prosperity is the fact that Charles Gavan Duffy, the editor of the *Nation* newspaper, the most intellectually gifted of all the fellow-labourers with Smith O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher, the chief literary apostle of Irish independence and nationality, has at length given up his cause in despair, and is about to emigrate, with his family, to Australia. He openly declares his despair of any such combination of the political elements in Ireland as shall attain the object to which his life has been hitherto devoted. The truth is, the materials do not exist in this country for a political existence separate from England. I do not believe there are a hundred sane educated men in Ireland who dream of such a thing. At the height of the turmoil and plottings of insurrection, in 1848, no plan was ever proposed for the attainment and maintenance of such a separation. Every man of wealth in Ireland, who had any regard for his own interests or for what he believed to be the interests of his country, would have opposed such a project tooth and nail. I say all this to show how changed things are in Ireland, which has always been looked on as the weak side of the British power. But, furthermore, the *Know-Nothing* movement, with all its hatred to Irish Catholics in particular, is universally known in Ireland. A feeling is common amongst the poorer classes that religious persecution and hatred of themselves are American attributes. The priests don't like America, and keep as many as they can from emigrating. If you ask me why I fill up so much of my letter with such details, I reply that I think it important that every kind of discouragement should be thrown in the way of those who would indulge ideas of war and invasion as between our country and yours. One of the most avowedly Romish, and therefore anti-Imperial, newpapers in Ireland used to be the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, whose proprietor is Dr. Gray, a Protestant, and a fellow-prisoner of O'Connell's in Richmond Bridewell in 1844. Yet, in a recent number of this paper I find the following remarks, which indicate as clearly as anything can do how changed is the tone of the most ultra Irish politicians on a subject which would have been hailed with warm acceptance a few years ago. I mean the idea started by *The Times*, that a descent upon Ireland might be one of the objects of an American fillibustering expedition:

"Anything more utterly hopeless than such an expedition (says the *Freeman*) is not within the range of human imagination. We need scarcely say that on this side of the Atlantic there is no encouraging element, and surely, before venturing on such an experiment as the invasion of a country 4,000 miles distant, the promoters of the undertaking should acquaint themselves with the sentiments and feelings of the invaded, without whose active cooperation in the event of a landing every man in the expedition would be either captured or destroyed. The most sanguine sympathizers with the object of such an expedition in this country would reprobate the attempt in face of the utter discouragement which must await it. There never was a time when the people were less disposed to armed insurrection, and, from the constant intercourse between Ireland and America, the originators of this madness—if it be anything more than a dream—must have discovered the total absence of any sympathy for such movements. We hope no such idea is about to be realized. We cannot believe that any rational man would countenance an enterprise so foolish in conception and fatal in result. To compromise the lives of thousands of men—and less than 10,000, with half a dozen swift steamers of large tonnage and great power, would be inadequate to the attempt—is a serious affair for the projectors of such an intrepid scheme. Forty thousand men could be easily concentrated on any part of the island where the invaders might land. They would be surrounded before they had advanced 20 miles from the coast, and, as the British Government would not be particular in dealing with men guilty of such an aggression, the catastrophe would be alike violent and lamentable."

I understood that this recruiting project, which has caused such an outcry, has been abandoned, explained and apologized for, and that no ground is left for a quarrel, unless there is a determination to make one. If such a quarrel should come, those who make it will have a terrible accountability. It is certain that the sufferings would not be on one side only.

I can readily understand that some such imprudent step as has been taken might be taken by our Ministry, in ignorance of popular feeling in your country. They would probably suppose that, in a struggle between England and France on the one hand and Russia on the other, your national sympathies would be against Russia. They may be quite unaware how far the feelings of the Democratic party in the United States are identical with those of Russian as well as American slaveholders. They have probably a very imperfect idea of the intense selfishness which actuates such men as Pierce and Cushing, whose whole lives, for years past, have been spent in endeavouring to prolong their own tenure of power by the basest and wickedest efforts to conciliate the Slave interest. I do not believe that, in England, public men of eminence could be found so lost to every honourable and patriotic consideration.

I am happy to tell you that large donations will be sent from Great Britain and Ireland to the Boston Bazaar this year, notwithstanding great efforts have been made, in some quarters, to divert the donations to individual and local objects. In Edinburgh, I have been informed that many munificent donors who withdrew for a time from giving any countenance to the American Anti-Slavery Society have renewed their confidence and their gifts. It is a great and a good cause, and I am quite sure that even if we do not effect much for the slave by our endeavours, we do great good to ourselves in the attempts.

Ever yours truly, RICHARD D. WEBB.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 600.—*Contents:* The First Edinburgh Reviewers; The Wind in the Pine; Peter the Great in England; Cantegrel; Half a Life-time ago; John Randolph of Roanoke; Therney's Tiffin Party; The Beach Tree of Aldershaw; Woman in Turkey; First Telegraphic Message; England's Danger and Discredit. Also Poetry and a variety of short articles. 343 B'way.

"LIFE ILLUSTRATED" entered upon its second volume with the issue for Nov. 3. Its form has been changed from folio to quarto, and its typographical execution is much improved. Its spirit and objects are thus stated by itself: "To impart useful information, to aid in the cause of human progress, to advance enlightened opinions, to present good literature, to encourage a hopeful, earnest and fraternal spirit in our countrymen, to promote reform in education, and to aid those who would live wisely, purely, and for worthy purposes—these are still the ends for which we hope to labour." We confess that it is not sufficiently radical and outspoken in regard to great moral reforms to suit our notions, but in most other respects it is a good family newspaper. Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway—$2 per annum.

"THEODORE PARKER'S DEFENCE," the work noticed by us last week, is sold in Boston by Little, Brown & Co., and may probably be obtained at this office a few days hence.

Summary.

Rev. Lucius Matlack, editor of the *Wesleyan* at Syracuse, has been elected to the Presidency of the Illinois Institute, a Wesleyan College at Wheaton Ill.

JOHN VAN BUREN'S FLASK.—We have been shown by our friend, Charles Maurice, the identical ballot-box out of which John Van Buren got his "50,000 Soft majority." *It holds about a pint.* It can be seen at all hours at Nat's.—*Chatauque Democrat, Nov.* 14.

WORTHY OF NOTE.—The Cairo (Ill.) *Times*, of the 17th, flies at its head the name of Stephen A. Douglas for President, and in the same number advertises a runaway Tennessee slave, described as follows:

"JO, aged about 35 years, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, straight hair, *would pass well for a white man.*"

The Troy *Whig* estimates the number of sincere believers in "Spiritualism" in that city at 1,200. These embrace many of the leading citizens—men of worth and intellect, who deduce their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and who are not to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory.

MARKS ON NEWSPAPERS.—It has been generally supposed that any mark on a newspaper sent by mail subjected the same to a charge of letter postage. The Postmaster General now decides that a pen mark made over or opposite to an article in a newspaper, with the sole object of calling attention to the article, will not subject the paper to such charge.

At Columbus, Ga., there is a blind negro boy, a slave, only six years old, who exhibits a wonderful capacity for music, and is able to play almost any piece, even the most difficult, on the piano-forte, after hearing it once or twice. He has never been instructed in music; his knowledge of the science is, therefore, instinctive. He has the most intense passion for music, and exhibits the greatest emotion during his performances.

A clan of Southern students at College Hill, Ohio, undertook, a few nights ago, to kidnap a coloured barber, a smart likely fellow of eighteen years of age, with the design of running him over the line into the State of Kentucky. The noise of the melee awakened the citizens, and a rescue was effected after a terrible fight. The miscreants engaged in the outrage made their escape.

PROGRESS OF ETIQUETTE.—According to Judge Kane's construction of the code of politeness, we must all amend our manners. If a man is dunned for a debt which he is unable to pay, he must not say, "I have not got the money," as this will be equivalent to putting an aggravated contempt on his creditor. The only authorized answer in such a case, hereafter, will be, "I cannot pay, because it is impossible to do so." It is expected that this will satisfy the most punctilious creditor.—*Oneida Circular.*

SINGULAR CASE OF CATALEPSY.—A Mrs. Kendrick, of Tazewell County, Va., after an illness of several weeks, apparently died, recently, and preparations were made for her interment. While some persons were preparing her shroud, however, they were amazed to hear the seeming corpse, in a faint voice, ask for food. She had been under the influence of a cataleptic attack, which, fortunately, passed off in time to prevent the burial of her body.

Two lots of fugitives passed through Alliance, Ohio, by the underground railroad, on their way to Canada, last week. The first comprised four smart, hearty young men from Maryland, and the second three men and two women from the Old Dominion. During the progress of the last party through the State of Pennsylvania, they were set upon by a pack of Kanine hounds, but made good their escape notwithstanding. One of the fugitives received several severe cuts and bruises in defending his right to himself.

THE PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW OF INDIANA DECIDED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—Hermann vs. State of Indiana—Habeas Corpus. Hermann, who was yesterday arrested by Constable Gott, upon a writ issued by Esquire Werbee, for the violation of the Prohibitory Liquor Law of Indiana, was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, before Judge Perkins of the Supreme Court, who discharged the prisoner on the ground that the law under which he was arrested was unconstitutional. The decision of Judge Perkins virtually nullifies the Prohibitory Liquor Law of Indiana.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

It is customary in many of our city churches for the congregation to join in singing the last hymn. On Sunday last a gentleman, accompanied by his little girl of some five years of age, strayed into one of the aforesaid churches, and his fine voice materially assisted the choir in getting through "Winchester." Just before the benediction the little girl, observing the fine effect produced by her parent on the occupants of the surrounding pews, cried out in an audible voice, "Papa! please sing 'Vilikens and his Dinah.'" It is needless to add that the benediction was unheeded.—*Boston Post.*

A PRAIRIE SHIP.—Mr. Thompson, of Kansas, has just completed, so it is stated, a prairie ship or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains. Thirty passengers will embark in June next on the voyage. Several years ago, a gentleman who then represented the State of Illinois in the Senate of the United States, invented a ship of the same kind, and indulged the belief that the experiment of navigating the prairies of the West by canvass and wind would prove successful. If we remember correctly, the wheels of the concern did move with a stiff breeze, but the realization of the gentleman's hopes was never reached.—*St. Louis Repub.*

GEORGIA SCHOOL MASTERS.—It is a somewhat singular fact that two of the prominent Free Soil members of the United States Senate, in early life, taught school in this State, viz.: Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, and William H. Seward, of New York. They did not remain long in our midst, otherwise the country might have escaped the curse of two such arch agitators, and the South the annoyance of their denunciations. Both of them belong now to the third class of Senators, whose terms expire in 1861, and one of them (Wm. H. Seward) is the most prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Fusion party of the North. Trumbull taught school at Monroe Ther., and Seward in Putnam County, in this State.—*Macon (Ga.) Journal and Messenger.*

NON-PROGRESSIVE.—A writer in the New England *Farmer* thus describes those farmers we sometimes meet with, who are continually setting back in the breeching, and trying to prevent all progress in agriculture: "They follow in the footsteps of antiquity; and if any one suggests a different way of proceeding, they think him *non compos mentis*. They continue to drain their barn-yards into the road—twice a year all the bones and beeves' feet are collected and thrown into the brook or millpond. They despise new-fashioned corn-shellers; and say that the old way of shelling corn with the fire shovel and bread trough is best. They advise their sons to look to some other business than farming, for a living, if they ever want to be any body."

A SUNDAY MOB IN BATH.—On Sunday the Catholics of Bath were prevented by a mob from holding services appropriate to the laying of the corner-stone of a church. We learn from the *Tribune* that during the forenoon a wooden cross was pulled down, and in the afternoon the United States flag was raised in its place. The flag was removed by the acting Mayor, Mr. Russell, but on his departure it was put up again. A rush was made for the corner-stone, which had been previously laid, and several attempts were made to remove it, but this was prevented through the exertions of some of the city officers. The Bishop gave orders that the exercises should not be held, and the crowd dispersed—a lawless mob having successfully interfered with the religious rights of a portion of their fellow citizens. No arrests were made.

DEATH OF AN OLD SERVANT.—The Charlottesville (Va.) *Jeffersonian* announces the death of a coloured servant of Mr. Tucker Coles, of that county, named Scipio, aged 104 years, and says he was the dining-room servant of Mr. Coles's father, after his marriage in 1764. Before that time he trundled a wheelbarrow about the streets of Norfolk. He was a remarkable instance of a man who has lived a long life in constant violation of all the rules of temperance and diet, having always fared sumptuously, and been a toper all his life. A liberal allowance of grog was daily furnished him. Mr. Jefferson was a frequent visitor of his old master, and Scipio always shook hands with him and called him Colonel Jefferson. He has waited on Baron Breidsel and General Phillips (Burgoyne's officer stationed in the vicinity), Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Wirt, Randolph, Tazewell, &c.

A HUSBAND THIRTY YEARS ABSENT.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* relates some facts which anew illustrate the old adage of "truth is stranger than fiction." About six years since, Mrs. Martha Wood, accompanied by her son, his wife and a couple of children, arrived in that city from New Bedford, Mass. She stated that she was a widow of twenty-four years' standing, her husband having been mate of a whaler, which had been lost at sea. A few days since, a gray-headed and toil-worn man called at the residence of Mrs. Wood, and, inquiring for the widow, announced himself as her long-lost husband. The ship in which he had made his last voyage from New Bedford was cast away on the South Sea Islands, and he was one of the few who escaped a watery grave. After enduring almost unheard of privations, he succeeded in reaching his native city, and thence proceeded to Cincinnati, where, after thirty years' absence, he was reunited to the partner of his early joys.

MRS. STOWE AND AMOS LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Stowe is an earnest defender of Calvinistic theology, yet, in writing for the *Independent*, she gives expression to very liberal and just sentiments. She is writing about books, and thus alludes to the biography of Amos Lawrence:

"We have by us another work, the life of Amos Lawrence. We heard it once said in the pulpit, 'There is no work of art like a noble life,' and for that reason he who has achieved one takes rank with great artists, and becomes the world's property. We are proud of this book. We are willing to let it go forth to other lands as a specimen of what America can produce.

"This biography shows another thing, that there is a Christian life in which all sects agree, a basis of union, not doctrinal, but practical, where there may be a real unity. Men of such lives have risen now and then in all sects, and, when found, disputants have agreed in admitting their practical example as an exponent of the religion about which they wrangle."

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.—The *New York Herald* (better authority on this than on some other subjects) says that it is a fact, that either the State Department at Washington, or some of its diplomatic agents in Europe, gave, last summer, passports under false names to several kept and disreputable women of New York, and other cities, furnished by certain corrupt politicians. In some half-dozen of these false passports were assumed the names not only of some of the best known and most respectable families of New York, but of other parts of the Union. Under the protection of these documents these women, having plenty of money to spend, made the tour of Europe in the most agreeable and *distingue* manner possible, receiving the ready attentions of American diplomats on their way; visiting in the best European families in consequence, and leaving, no doubt, wherever they went, a high impression of the refinement and moral purity of our fair countrywomen. These startling facts were first brought under the notice of the French and English governments in the course of some curious discoveries made by the Paris police. They are now the common talk in European circles.

WHOLESALE STAMPEDE.—There have been but a few slaves in this (Marion) County at any time; and the number, already less than fifty probably, promises soon to be represented by a cypher. Our proximity to the Pennsylvania line, which, where it runs nearest us, is not more than twenty miles from Fairmont, renders the possession of slave property rather undesirable. On Saturday night last, six slaves started for Pennsylvania—two men and two women, belonging to Thomas Knotts, one man belonging to Absolom Knotts, and one woman of the estate of Jane Doudell. Nor were they content to take themselves off only, but they took with them six horses belonging to different gentlemen of this County, besides various articles of clothing, bedding, &c. They were supplied, too, with fire-arms. In short, it would appear that they either possessed a good deal of forecast or were prompted in their action by some agent of the "underground railroad."—*Fairmont True Virginian.*

TEMPERANCE AND THE CHURCH.—The editor of the *Cayuga Chief* (Auburn), speaking of a visit to North New Berlin, N. Y., as a temperance lecturer, says:

"Intemperance is regaining lost ground, and deepening its hold upon the very vitals of society. And what is more alarming, a large class of young men are blindly forming intemperate habits, and assuming the blasted thrall of drunkenness. Other evils follow in the train of tippling habits, and the Christian citizen looks with alarm to the future. Fathers, and men of wealth and standing, look indifferently on, while *their own sons* are enlisting as drunkards. The church, which claims the aristocracy and wealth, stands coldly and scornfully in the way of reform. It has too much refinement and dignity to enter the battle-field and join hands for the redemption of humanity. With hands in kids and redolent with cologne, it leaves the victims of a fearful scourge unaided, and passes by on the other side. When men of wealth and influence, and professors of religion, refuse to speak and act for the right, it is not to be wondered at that vice should spring rankly forth and the youth of community go down into the degradation of drunkenness, gambling, and licentiousness. It stirs the blood to see Christian people becoming the obstinate architects of the debasement and ruin of their own children. Rumsellers rejoice to see *such* men throw *such* sacrifices upon their bloody altars."

ARTISTIC EXCELLENCE.—We again desire to call attention to the marble bust of Wendell Phillips, Esq., executed by Mr. John A. Jackson, and to be found for a short time longer at his studio, 33 School street, in this city. In every respect, it is more than satisfactory—it is admirable, and not to be transcended. Mr. Jackson is a young artist, who bids fair to be famous as a sculptor, provided he can be encouraged to devote himself to his profession. He is as modest and unpretending as he is already remarkable for his artistic skill. In a city like Boston, with so many gentlemen of wealth and taste, he ought to find liberal and enthusiastic patrons. He needs only to be known to be appreciated, and we trust also to be constantly employed. How much were Powers and Clevenger indebted to Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, for his timely countenance and aid! Is there no kindred spirit in Boston to take Mr. Jackson by the hand, and give him a generous lift? Call at his studio and see what he is capable of achieving. In addition to the beautiful bust of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Jackson has completed a clay model of the head of Dr. Lyman Beecher, which is astonishingly life-like, and must delight all the friends of that venerable man who behold it. They ought to see that it is put into marble, without fail.

The price of Mr. Phillips's bust is ten dollars, in plaster. Whoever purchases it will be sure of possessing by far the best likeness which has yet been taken of him—and no better can be obtained. It deserves a place wherever there is room to contain it, in every household consecrated to freedom. It would give us the utmost pleasure to attend to any orders from abroad, not only on account of our high regard for Mr. Phillips, but for the encouragement of an artist of superior merit.—*Liberator.*

THE PLAINS.—The idea generally entertained that the immense arid plains lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains must remain forever unsettled and uncultivated on account of the scarcity of water and fuel, is likely to undergo a change. Scientific men are now exploring these plains or prairies, and from the little we hear of their researches, the prospect appears good that an abundance of coal and water can be obtained at a small outlay of money and labour. Successful experiments have been made in testing the practicability of boring artesian wells, and the result is most satisfactory. In one instance, near the Pecos river, about the thirty-second parallel, at the depth of six hundred and fifty feet, the greatest abundance of perfectly pure water was obtained. Besides this, the operation developed the existence of coal beds easily accessible, and, as far as the experiments have progressed, evidently underlying the whole of that immense country. The importance of this discovery will at once be apparent. If rivers cannot be created by these wells, water sufficient may be obtained for all the purposes of irrigation, and thus the plains may become thickly inhabited, and the land rendered as productive as any other portion of our country. With plenty of coal for fuel, the want of timber will hardly keep back the pioneer, for the materials for building are too numerous to admit of such a supposition. The thorn will doubtlessly grow as well there as here, and live hedges, even in sections where forests are abundant, are now adopted by the farmer.—*St. Louis Republican.*

MR. GIDDINGS'S LECTURE.—The Lecture before the Mechanics' Lyceum on Tuesday evening was by Hon. J. R. Giddings, of Ohio. He had chosen for his subject a sketch of American history which he had collected from papers deposited at Washington, which have not yet been published in consecutive order. He began with the departure of the slaves from Georgia, after the Revolution, to the everglades of Florida, where with the Seminole Indians, they formed communities, cultivated the soil, and enjoyed their freedom. He gave a history of the application of the slave-owners for relief from the General Government, and of the bargain entered into with the Creek Indians for the rescue and return of the slaves—of the purchase of the lands of the Indians in Florida, and their removal west of the Mississippi—retaining $250,000 from the sum allowed the Indians, to pay for the slaves which had taken refuge in Florida. It was found, however, that the whole amount of claims was only $109,000. But when it was known that so large a balance was on hand, additional claims were brought in for the value of children that *might* have been born had the slaves remained, which were allowed, and the money given to the slave-owners instead of the Indians, to whom it rightfully belonged. He gave a thrilling account of the blowing-up of Fort Brown, in which the Indians and negroes had taken refuge—of the hard treatment of Osceola—his sworn revenge, and the result in his fatal assault on Waddy Thompson, and the massacre of Col. Dade's regiment in Sept. 1836; also some of the more recent history of the Indians in the West, and the oppression of the refugees, whose ancestors, seventy years ago escaped from slavery. He aimed to show that although the North may regard slavery as an institution with which they have no concern, yet the history of the Georgia Refugees clearly proves that every Northern man is taxed by the General Government to sustain the institution.

Mr. Giddings is somewhat advanced in life, perhaps to 65 years; he speaks with ease, without notes, and reminds us more in his manners of the late Jeremiah Smith, of Exeter, than of any other lecturer who has appeared here. His lecture contained many valuable facts, he told them clearly, and they left an indelible impression on his audience.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal, Nov.* 17.

A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY.—Sixteen years ago, there lived in Newport, Monmouthshire, England—or, more strictly, Wales—a respected, thrifty, upright merchant, named John Frost, who had been Mayor of that town in 1837, and for years previously, as he still was, a Justice of the Peace. Personally, he had no enemies, and seemed likely to pass the evening, as he had passed the morning, of his days, in quiet industry and a sweet content. But he was a Chartist—that is, a Republican—and sought to have the government of his native land modified in accordance with his convictions. A demonstration was made by the Chartists of his locality, which was treated by the Government as a rebellion; he was arrested, tried, and, with two others—W. Jones and Z. Williams—convicted (Jan., 1840) of high treason, and thereupon sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, drawn and quartered—as prescribed by the civilized and merciful law of Christian England. This sentence could not have been executed, in the state of the public mind then existing, without provoking further bloodshed; so it was commuted into transportation for life to a British penal settlement in Van Dieman's Land, where they, with other convicts, arrived in June, 1840.

There, among the vilest and most abandoned felons, treated as their comrade and equal, John Frost passed more than fourteen years of his life, witnessing deeds of depravity and of cruelty which demons might blush to father. Some of these are too horrible to be even distinctly alluded to. At length, in December last, he, with other political malefactors, was liberated on condition of perpetual banishment from the British dominions, and set sail for the United States, where he arrived in June last.

Mr. Frost has chosen this country to close his career in and will thence continue his efforts, by letters and publications, to enlighten the British Millions, and aid them to shake off the oppressive and plundering rule of the Aristocracy. Though seventy-one years of age, he hopes to become an American citizen; and those who are acquainted with his modest bearing and solid, unassuming worth, will say that there are few better calculated to do honour to that character. If Nativism should gain the ascendancy it covets, however, he must live and die an alien, for he cannot hope to live twenty-one years longer. Where is the Republican who would sentence this self-sacrificing soldier of liberty to live and die a subject and an alien in this land of boasted Equality and Freedom!—*Tribune.*

A SNAKE IN THE PARLOUR!—We commend the following story, which was cut by one of the editors of *The Anti-Slavery Standard* from a number of the *Liberia Herald*, published not many months since, to the special notice of such coloured men as have an inclination to emigrate to the elysium provided for them by the Colonizationists. If they desire to encounter such "pesky sarpints" as are here described, they should make haste to emigrate.

Snakes.—The importance of keeping yards clear of weeds and bushes at this season of the year cannot be too strenuously insisted upon; they serve only as harbours for dangerous reptiles. Last evening, while on a stroll up town, we paid a visit to the house of a friend, where we expected fine enjoyment. Having seated ourself by the side of one of the gentle inmates with the anticipation of a protracted and delightful confabulation, we were suddenly interrupted by a scream from her, which so deranged our nervous system that we could do nothing but ask, "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" Her cry was, "O, a snake! a snake in the parlour!" It appears that the hideous creature having, by some means or other, made his way into the parlour, found himself in rather a strange and uncongenial situation, and, not being able to find a place of concealment, was coiling and winding himself in confused bewilderment, giving now and again a serpentine hiss, which added to the frightfulness of his appearance. My feminine companion left the room with shrieks and clamours of "a snake!" We must confess that a brave as we may be on other occasions, we now lost all bravery, forgot all gallantry, and, instead of attacking the monster, we were just as active in making our escape as our female friend.

The native boys, being called to our assistance, came, armed with large sticks; one might have supposed that they would soon have had the monster dead; but, entering the parlour and perceiving the terrible creature, they were terror-stricken, and fled with immense velocity towards the door; but for them the snake would have escaped, as no entreaty could induce them to approach it, armed as they were. The master of the house, however, and others coming to our assistance, the serpent, after some desperate effort, was killed. It was about five feet long, and about one inch and a half in diameter. The greatest matter of wonderment was that a snake of that size should be in the parlour. How did it get there? was the question. During the time that the conjectures, which were various, were being expressed, we left, satisfied with our evening visit, and more than ever settled in the opinion that snakes are horrible things, and every possible precaution should be taken against them. We are aware that many will laugh at our ungallantry—but let such remember the Dalmosthenian saying:

"He that is in battle slain
Will never live to fight again."

MARRIED.

WILSON—BONSALL.—In Pennsbury township, Chester Co., Pa., on the 10th of the 11th month, according to the order of Progressive Friends, at the house of Dinah and Isaac Mendenhall, John Wilson to Eliza Jane Bonsall.

DIED.

JOHNSON.—In Peacham, Vt., October 6th, Betsey M., wife of Leonard Johnson (brother of Oliver Johnson), aged 55 years. She was the only sister of the late Rev. David Merrill, formerly of Ohio, but more recently of Peacham, and of the late Hon. Samuel Merrill, of Indianapolis, Ia. She was a woman of rare excellence, a noble wife and mother, and an earnest and faithful friend of the slave.

Special Notices.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FAIR CIRCLE.—The Sewing Circle will meet on Wednesday evening, the 29th instant, at the house of Emma Newbold, No. 5 Montgomery Place, Cherry above 10th street.

☞ CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Pennsgrove School-house, the 26th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M.

LIZZIE COATES, Rec. Sec'y.

☞ The Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on Seventh day, the first of Twelfth month, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

☞ THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will be held in Salem, Dec. 24th and 25th, 1855. We make this announcement and solicit contributions for the Fair, with hopeful confidence of a generous response from the friends of the slave—trusting that no argument for freedom, no plea for the slave will be needed from us, to secure their prompt and liberal co-operation.

Contributions of money and of every description of merchantable articles will be thankfully received, from this time until the day of the Fair.

We will repeat a former suggestion—that our friends would at the time of laying up their winter stores set apart a portion for the Fair, it would then be ready to be forwarded by the first opportunity.

We would also suggest that articles of the best quality meet with the readiest sale.

Boxes or parcels may be forwarded to J. Barnaby or J. McMillan, Salem, Ohio.

Sarah Bowne,	Emily Robinson,
Laura Barnaby,	Angelina S. Deming,
Ann Pearson,	Sarah F. Smith,
Sarah N. McMillan,	Elizabeth Lease,
Sarah Sharp,	Lydia L. Sharp,
Hannah M. Strawn,	Elizabeth Dickinson,
Jane M. Trescott,	Margaret Hise,
	Harriette M. Dickinson.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

WE ARE BROTHERS.

BY GEO. W. BUNGAY.

The negro slave who toils in chains,
Though black as moonless night his skin,
Has blood within his sooty veins
As pure as ours, and 'tis no sin
To have thick lips and crisped hair;
So let us all love one-another.
Pale man, who boasts of skin so fair,
The bondman truly is thy brother.

The mendicant in flaunting rags
Limps on his crutch from door to door,
Then eats the mouldy crust he begs,
Beneath the hedge or on the moor.
A homeless, friendless wanderer he—
But if we all loved-one-another,
We could look through his rags and see
The beggar is our needy brother.

The bloated drunkard in the lair,
Where fiery poisons freely flow,
Has swollen cheeks and matted hair,
Redness of eyes and wounds and woe,
Yet who would scorn that wretched man,
Did we indeed love one-another?
We would unite in some good plan
To save our serpent-bitten brother.

The convict in his prison dress,
At bench, or forge, or loom, or wheel,
Finds few to pity or to bless—
Because so few have hearts to feel.
But there will come a better time,
When we shall all love one-another.
The convict then, though stained with crime,
Will be regarded as a brother.

MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

NO. III.

In this and the following numbers of this Notice, it is my purpose to let Mr. Estlin, for the most part, speak for himself; for I truly desire that American Abolitionists may understand him, and cherish for him that personal respect and affection which the simplicity and uprightness of his nature were so well adapted to inspire; and the nearer they can come into contact with him, the better certainly will they know him. I propose to make quotations from a long and familiar private correspondence with him, mainly relating to the subject of slavery. Of course, as already said, eloquent passages and stately sentences are not to be looked for; and I would even believe that my selections will prove all the more acceptable on that account. The more easy, unpretending and natural the language, the less does it hide from us the mind and heart of the speaker or writer—the central points to which we would have success. The correspondence, on his part, was ever of the most frank and open nature—stating opinions, urging objections, criticising or approving plans, and suggesting new ways and means of prosecuting the cause—the great, common cause of the Race. No part of it was designed, or probably ever imagined as likely, to be published. This should be borne in mind.

From a letter dated March 2, 1845, I make the following extracts:

"I have it much in my mind, against the next Fair [the Annual Anti-Slavery Fair, or Bazaar, held at Boston at the season of Christmas], to draw up a very concise statement of the purposes and efforts of the Anti-Slavery Society in Boston. You can hardly believe how few persons in this country have any correct idea of the case in any of its bearings. . . . . Tens of thousands here believe that, in general, the American slaves are very happy, and that Abolitionists must be officious meddlers.

I believe I am pretty well up to the subject of the Massachusetts anti-slavery proceedings, for last winter, during a long illness, I entered fully into it. Dr. Follen's Life was read to me, and my impression was that, important as the anti-slavery movement was, *he* rather narrowed his field of useful exertion by so completely identifying himself with the Abolitionists. Miss Martineau completely opposed this view, in a letter I had from her, and expressed herself so strongly on the subject, that I proceeded to go through all the Annual Reports of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society I could procure, and many of the standard publications. . . . Mr. James and I take in *The Liberator*; so you will see that I have a little *space* continually added to my knowledge of the matter, which will prevent it from *perishing*. Perhaps, however, I may ask you a question or two, to secure accuracy as to facts."

The honesty of Mr. Estlin's mind appears in the above extract. Alive as he had become to the great subject of slavery, and much as he had come to esteem and respect such of the American Abolitionists as he had become in a measure acquainted with, through their writings and doings, he would take for granted none of their conclusions, and would yield assent to no proposition or measure, unless his own judgment approved it. On the other hand, the passage quoted equally shows his candour, his freedom from bigoted attachment to opinions already formed, his readiness to accept more light, even though it should prove him mistaken—nay, his desire, his painstaking effort, even in days of debility and illness, to obtain further knowledge of facts, and reexamine the ground on which he stood. With such admirable qualities, intellectual and moral—qualities which, by honest and conscientious, use had become habits with him—it is not surprising that, with new investigation, a deeper and steadily increasing interest in the great subject of slavery should grow within him, and that he should become, at length, what one of the most devoted, faithful and intelligent of the British Abolitionists has called him, "the Atlas of the cause in England." We shall trace in these papers the steady, natural development and growth of his mind in anti-slavery. It is not, however, my purpose or wish to forestall the opinion of any reader, but to enable him to estimate for himself the worth of Mr. Estlin's services to the holy cause of human freedom and elevation, and to learn, by a kind of personal acquaintance, to honour and love him for his works' sake.

The projected "concise statement," spoken of in the above extract, expanded into a pamphlet of forty pages, a copy of the first edition of which now lies before me, published at Bristol, in 1846. It is entitled, "A Brief Notice of American Slavery, and the Abolition Movement." Written in a calm and cautious state of mind, it really was what its title purported, and was instrumental, in no small degree, in enlightening British minds upon the subjects of which it treats. Having had a very considerable circulation—one thousand copies having been distributed gratuitously, at Mr. Estlin's own expense—a new edition, revised and enlarged to fifty-four pages, was published in 1853, by the "Leeds Anti-Slavery Association," forming one of their series of (over *eighty*) anti-slavery Tracts. It is proper to say here, that the valuable services rendered by that Association, and by its indefatigable Secretary, Wilson Armistead, to the anti-slavery cause, were most cordially acknowledged by Mr. Estlin, as they must be by the friends of freedom generally, wherever known.

In November, 1845, he writes, "I wish I could *talk* with you, or some such as you, as I despair, almost, in any other way of having all the data that I think needful to enable me to form a correct judgment as to the merits and demerits of the various anti-slavery parties in America. I really *study The Liberator*; and as the editor most magnanimously gives insertion to articles violently opposed to himself and his views, I feel great confidence that I know something of the real nature and extent of the arguments against the course which Mr. Garrison and those who act with him think it right to pursue."

Mr. Estlin had an hereditary and deeply-seated respect for the ministers of religion. His own father, and Rev. Dr. Carpenter, who were successively the ministers of the congregation with which he was connected from his birth until his death, were men whose characters he might well revere, and from whom he could not but obtain an early impression of the ministerial office of the most elevated and favourable kind. He was, therefore, slow in believing the charges of the general moral defection and guilt of the American clergy, in regard to the question of slavery, which were brought by the American Abolitionists. He saw and admitted, early, that they were not faithful in the matter as they should be, yet he sought, if possible, to find in his own mind an excuse for their holding back, believing that they would ere long take an open and decided stand, and that the wisdom of their course would then be fully vindicated. A visit which Rev. Dr. Dewey made to Bristol, in 1845, did much to open his eyes in regard to this matter, and turn his attention to an inquiry into the reasons of the very general apathy, or open pro-slavery, of the American pulpit. The result to which he came differed in no respect, we believe, from the views of the American Abolitionists generally, as will doubtless appear in the sequel. He saw, at length, in the words of the title of James G. Birney's early pamphlet, words which he often quoted as expressive of his own decided judgment, that the "American Churches are the Bulwarks of American Slavery."

In November, 1845, he wrote respecting the West India emancipation—"Are you aware of the advance in the West India islands of the condition of the enslaved people? In St. Vincent, which I visited some years ago for my health, coloured people now sit in the House of Assembly, as representatives of certain places or districts. The qualification, I believe, is property to the amount of £300 per annum. When I was there in 1833, *before emancipation*, they sat as jurymen on trials, and marriages between white overseers and coloured women were not uncommon. In the eyes of our West India merchants, and many of the planters in our islands, emancipation has been a sad failure: to the negro population, and in the eyes of those whose pecuniary interests are not involved, and who desire the welfare of the human race, it has proved a great blessing. That *generally*, and hitherto, property has deteriorated in value, there can be no doubt; but that is but a grain of dust in the balance."

And again, in a subsequent letter—"I mentioned in my former letter an emancipated slave at St. Kitts, named Douglass. An estate in that island is cultivated after the *share* system, and Douglass is one of those who have two or three sugar-fields to look after, half the produce of which he receives for his trouble, the owners having the other half. Last year, D. sent to Bristol a couple of hogsheads of sugar to be sold for him, which was done. Inquiry was made of the captain of the vessel, who knows Douglass, if he was a "respectable man." The answer was, "No, for he wore no shoes or stockings." It seems, however, he has always borne a most respectable *character*, industrious and saving as a slave, and prudent and wise since emancipation. He has a lime-kiln, which brings him in something, and is anxious for the welfare of his wife and children. He asks, you observe, for a family Bible. I sent him a volume of *Chambers' Miscellany*, an Atlas, and some books for his children, and Mr. Ames sent many others." In a subsequent letter he wrote—"I have to-day seen a captain from St. Vincent. He says the negroes are doing very well for themselves, but not for their old masters. . . . The negroes, he says, are buying ground, building, and becoming proprietors themselves."

In February, 1846, he wrote—"I have ordered of Chapman, "Stroud on the Slave Laws," which I hear is scarce. If you could help me in procuring this book, I should be obliged. I am reading "Slavery as it is"—what an exposure of sin and suffering! . . . H.C. Wright's "Dissolution of the Union" is a most valuable production. I am circulating many copies."

Early in 1846, he writes of the interest he felt in Frederick Douglass, who was then recently arrived in Ireland, and whom he had invited to visit Bristol, and be his guest. He caused one hundred and fifty copies of Frederick Douglass's Narrative to be circulated in Bristol and its vicinity, previous to Mr. D.'s visit to that city.

Speaking at the same time (1846) of the contributions sent from Bristol to the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, he says—"It is satisfactory to us, to *me* especially, to be told that our sympathy and aid are not only encouraging, but useful. I have sometimes a misgiving, that in reading, writing, talking, and thinking a good deal about American slavery—in which subject I confess myself deeply interested—I am contemplating an evil too vast and too *distant* for me to have the slightest power of remedying. Wishing to act up to the rule of not letting a day pass without doing some good to somebody, I sometimes ask myself how I can expect to do any good in reference to the overwhelming evil of American slavery?" In a subsequent part of the same letter, after alluding to the different Anti-Slavery Societies, and the want of harmony amongst those who professed to be equally opposed to slavery, he added—"For my own part, though I see room for much improvement, there is quite enough of what is sensible and good in "old organized" Abolitionists to ensure the feeble sympathy and aid that, living at this distance from you, I am able to afford; and in my small circle of influence, I am not inactive in the cause."

In the spring of this year, not feeling "quite satisfied with merely *wishing* well to the Abolition cause in America," he sent a handsome donation to the funds of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

Early in the summer of 1845, he writes—"It is said Mr. Garrison is to be invited to England to attend a proposed Anti-Slavery Convention in London, next August. If such be the case, I will certainly go to town to attend it, if I am in health."

And the following shows how clearly, at this period, he understood the spirit and attitude of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society:

"You must regard the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as a spring of perpetual hostility to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—prejudicing people here against it, and keeping before the country the unfortunate discussions in the American Anti-Slavery Societies."

On the same subject he thus writes, about three months later—"Nothing of *American* anti-slavery has been known here (before the appearance of my Tract) but through the medium of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and by them Mr. Garrison and his friends are greatly disliked, I *fear* traduced, but this I would not assert." . . . "Much attention to American anti-slavery will be occasioned in Bristol by the present agitation of the question [alluding to the visit of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Douglass to that city]. I hope we shall form an auxiliary to the League [then newly formed at London]. Another Anti-Slavery Society in this country, with new blood in it, is quite needed. The old one is getting superannuated."

It was in August of this year (1846) that he first saw Mr. Garrison. He went to London purposely to see and become acquainted with him, and was introduced to him there by Richard D. Webb, of Dublin. "Mr. Garrison's very cordial greeting, and friendly expressions," he writes, "made me feel at once as with an old friend." At this same visit to London, he first saw George Thompson and Frederick Douglass, and others whose names are well known in the history of the cause. Soon after this, Messrs. Garrison and Douglass visited Bristol, and were the guests of Mr. Estlin, and of Mr. Edward Thomas, a much respected Quaker gentleman of that city. Public meetings were held, and various private interviews took place, affording great satisfaction and delight to large numbers, and productive of no little benefit to the anti-slavery cause. The details, as given by Mr. Estlin, are full of interest.

One of Mr. Estlin's first objects, in his efforts for the anti-slavery reform—for he never worked without definite objects in view—was to induce the ministers and leading men of the religious denomination in England with which he was connected [the Unitarian] to turn their attention to the subject of slavery in America, and to use their influence, whatever it might be, with their American brethren, to obtain from them a fuller testimony and a more decided and general action against slavery and its unchristian and demoralizing practices. He circulated among them a large number of his own clear, calm and forcible pamphlet, the "Brief Notice of Slavery," &c.; he exerted himself to procure notices of anti-slavery persons, books and doings, to be inserted in their public journals; he caused to be published and distributed many brief documents, containing facts and arguments of an authentic and convincing character; he attended (as had been his wont) many of their public meetings, in his own neighbourhood and elsewhere, and in public and in private presented the subject, as his conscience and deep interest in the cause prompted. It is not too much to say that no man in the denomination, throughout the kingdom, possessed more of the respect and confidence of his associates than did Mr. Estlin; and when he spoke, his words carried with them the weight which justly belongs to perfect sincerity and uprightness, unimpeachable character, and well-tried and thoroughly-proved good sense. His abundant and unwearied efforts in his denomination were not without a marked success. He had indeed some able co-workers, among ministers and laymen, whom it would be most pleasant here to name, but, among them all, not one surpassed, if any equalled, him in his hearty, untiring, clear-sighted devotion to this great cause of humanity. I may properly quote here the words of one who knew and respected him most thoroughly, and who himself was one of the earliest and most ardent friends of the anti-slavery movement in the English Unitarian body—the Rev. George Armstrong. This gentleman writes (in October, 1850)—"In Bristol, the cause does not flag; I trust it never may. But you must be sensible how supremely indebted it is to the intelligence, perseverance and benevolence of a man in the position of Mr. Estlin. I think there is no interest in this world which so absorbs him; and hardly, indeed, could that interest be so great if he did not link it, both in its bearing to himself and others, with the higher interests of an eternal world."

The solicitude which Mr. Estlin felt that the denomination to which he belonged, and all its members, both in America and England, should acquit themselves honourably and faithfully of their Christian duty to those who had "fallen among thieves" was not confined to that denomination. He was very little of a sectarian, and it became his heart's desire to see the whole religious sentiment of Great Britain united in one expression of condemnation of slavery, and of earnest yet respectful remonstrance with all who justified or excused it. To this end, he caused many documents of an appropriate character, and especially such as showed the position of the different churches in America, and of their ministers and journals, towards slavery, to be printed and extensively circulated in the different religious bodies of England, and laid before the conductors of the various religious papers. Much good is known to have resulted from his labours in this direction.

It hardly needs to be said here how indifferent the American Unitarians, as a body, have showed themselves to the frank yet courteous remonstrances and affectionate intercessions of their English brethren. They have preferred to follow the false lights of expediency, to harken to the counsels of timidity and apathy, and to trust in the hollow promises of selfish politicians and traders. Such demonstrations as were made by Drs. Dewey, Parkman, Putnam, Gannett, and others, caused no little grief to Mr. Estlin's mind, as well as to many more; but it was inconsiderable when compared with the disappointment and regret he felt at seeing how general was the submission, on the part of American Unitarians, to the pro-slavery doctrines and counsels of these men, and how great and ominous a silence with regard to the worst of crimes brooded over that body, which claimed for itself preeminent intelligence and influence, and which professed to hold more humane and liberalizing views of man's brotherhood, and mutual claims and duties, than any other religious body in the land. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that of all the American Unitarian ministers who have, from time to time, fearlessly spoken the words of Christian truth, touching the manifold wrongs done to the American slave, not one has escaped persecution, censure and abuse, *from his own denomination*, in one form or another, and scarcely one but has been made to suffer in his worldly prospects. A marked persecution has followed the younger ministers of the denomination who have ventured to speak out against slavery, and has driven the larger part of the thoughtful and manly among them to seek positions independent of the control of the Unitarian body, and of the narrow ends to which, for many years, it has been almost exclusively devoted. From the days of Dr. Channing and Dr. Follen, both of whom, though in different measure, felt the weight of this denominational persecution, the number of witnesses to the unfaithfulness of the American Unitarian body to its high calling and its Christian duty have been constantly multiplying. This is, indeed, a digression; yet not misplaced, in a notice of one who, for his father's sake, through all early associations, and from the convictions of his own soul, loved the Unitarian faith, and earnestly desired to witness the fruits which he believed could not fail to come from its sincere and hearty promulgation, and who expended much time and gave his best labours, in health and in sickness, to effect these most desirable results.

S. M., JR.

THE NEW MEMOIR OF WEBSTER.

While staying at the home of the late Daniel Webster, I do not know that I can afford matter of more interest to your readers than by communicating some details in regard to the contents of Mr. Fletcher Webster's forthcoming collection of his father's correspondence, which will be published in the coming winter by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. This collection, which will be comprised in two royal octavo volumes of 600 pages each, uniform with Everett's edition of Webster's Works, will include only such letters as bear upon the social and domestic life of the great statesman, and, I venture to say, will place him in a far more interesting light than the great body of even his admirers have been accustomed to regard him. Indeed, it will, from the intrinsic interest of its contents, be eagerly sought for by those miscellaneous readers to whom the political career of Mr. Webster is a matter of comparative indifference.

Among the correspondents whose letters will be found in these volumes are the two Adamses, Madison, Monroe, Chief-Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Benton, Clay, Everett, Story, Jeremiah Mason, Lord Spencer and Lord Ashburton. In addition to Mr. Webster's letters to these and other distinguished men, there are those which he wrote to his relations—his brother, children, employees, &c.—some of them (those to Ezekiel Webster) extending as far back as 1797, when he was but fifteen years of age. In regard to Clay's letters, of which there are quite a number, I could not help remarking the absence of that social freedom which might have been expected in a man like him. From the beginning to the end of his life, they show him to be totally wrapt up in the small political intrigues of the day; cogitating how to carry that or this State—how to circumvent or elect this or that candidate. They are quite voluminous, but, as specimens of friendly epistles, which they were designed apparently to be, almost of no value. The Ashburton correspondence, mostly written while conducting the treaty negotiations, proves—what is not always the case—how much a first-rate private understanding between the parties may conduce to the despatch of business. Not a few of the boundary difficulties must have been removed over the nuts and wine by the distinguished participants in that transaction. They evidently felt the highest confidence in each other's straight-forwardness and honour.

The challenge received by Mr. Webster from John Randolph, while they were both members of the National House of Representatives, takes up a portion of the correspondence. In this affair, General Wool, of New York, acted as the friend and adviser of Mr. Webster, and Senator Benton of the challenging party. The singular deception of Monroe Edwards, practised upon Lord Spencer, is also told at length. It may be remembered that, in 1843, while this notorious individual was in England, he presented to Lord Spencer a forged letter of introduction from Mr. Webster, and took advantage of the civilities extended to him on that account, to borrow of that nobleman the sum of three hundred pounds, having been foiled, as he pretended, in some negotiations he had lately undertaken. Shortly after, Lord Spencer, hearing something which led him to suspect the true character of Edwards, wrote to Mr. Webster, stating the circumstance and his suspicions, but declaring that he was nevertheless glad of the opportunity of thus showing his regard for Mr. Webster and those who bore his recommendation. To this Mr. Webster returned an answer, denying an acquaintance with Edwards, and exposing him as a bad character; but in the meantime, the adroit forger had managed to pay up, and, before receiving the answer, Lord Spencer wrote another letter, announcing that Edwards had acted like an honourable man, and apologizing for ever having harboured a suspicion against Mr. Webster's friend.

A very pleasant part of the correspondence are the letters of Mr. Webster, written while a law student, to his brother Ezekiel, who was struggling to pay for his education by keeping school in Boston. All the spare cash which Daniel could earn by teaching or copying deeds had been devoted to his brother's college expenses, but his income was too narrow to meet them fully. Several of the letters relate to the subject of devising means for raising money to defray a debt of fifty dollars, which Ezekiel had incurred in the purchase of books in Boston. This caused the two brothers great perplexity. In one of his epistles, Daniel, after trying to cheer "Zeke" by an enumeration of the possibilities which yet remained for raising money, enters upon the following strain of philosophic consolation:

"Salisbury, November 4th, 1802.

* * * * * * *

"I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency. Next week I will send them, if they be all. They will buy a pipe—with a pipe you can smoke—smoking implies wisdom—wisdom is allied to fortitude—from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism, and stoicism never pants for this world's goods. So, perhaps, my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

Again, as late as June 10th, 1804, he writes from Salisbury (N. H.), after having declined a comfortable office in order to pursue his profession:

"Zeke, I don't believe but what Providence will do well for us yet. We shall live, and live comfortably. I have this week come within an ace of being appointed clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough County. Well, you will say, you are no better off than if you had not come within an ace. Perhaps I am—say nothing, but think a good deal, and do not 'distrust the gods.'"

In conclusion of this letter to his brother, of June 10th, he relieves his mind with the following verses:

"Fol di dol, dol di dol, di dol;
I'll never make money my idol.
With my friend and my preacher,
I'm twenty times richer
Than if I made money my idol!
Fol di dol, dol di dol, di dol."

It may be remarked here that Mr. Webster, in the midst of his family, and with his children and grandchildren around, was not a little given to off-hand rhyming, and would greatly divert them by his extempore English heroics, in which the sonorous march of the rythm would be humorously disproportioned to the trifling nature of his theme.

But the poet's was not the only vocation which the great statesmen narrowly escaped. At one time in his youth, some of his friends earnestly pressed upon him the duty of entering the Christian ministry, and he was wont to tell, with evident enjoyment, the story of his being advised to assume the business of *Necromancy!* An old man, who enjoyed the reputation in his native village of his being a wizard, assured young Daniel that he was "just made for a conjuror," and, as there were at that time a great many stray cattle to be found, the business offered a good opening. He concluded by offering to take the future statesman into partnership, and to go halves with him in the profits!

While on the subject of Mr. Webster's history, I cannot forbear mentioning an incident related of his courtship, which I do not remember to have seen recorded. He was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth, N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher, he had, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, "Grace, we have thus been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot, one which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and, after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

Perhaps the most interesting relic of Mr. Webster, which will be incorporated in these volumes, will be his autobiography, as yet unpublished, written by him in the year 1829, for his friend Mrs. E. B. Lee, of Boston. It is written in his clear, legible hand, and covers sixty-three pages of letter paper. The time over which the narrative extends is from his birth in 1782 to his final settlement as a lawyer in Boston in 1816. The first four years of his Congressional life are thus taken in, while he represented New Hampshire in the House of Representatives. The whole history of his humble beginning, his struggles to obtain an education, his experience as a collegian and a law student, the books he read, his first efforts at newspaper writing, are here related with something of that simplicity and absence of reserve, as well as with an occasional weightiness of remark, which lend a charm to the autobiographies of Gibbon and Franklin. He also at times alludes to his eminent contemporaries in the legal profession, of whom he places his friend, the distinguished Jeremiah Mason, at the head; and I observed two elaborate parallels copied by him from his journal, written while a law student in Boston, between Samuel Dexter and Theophilus Parsons, then the two rival leaders of the Boston bar, evincing no little discrimination and power of intellectual analysis. His first meeting with Governor Gore, into whose office he first entered to pursue the law, is told quite amusingly. He was then a rather raw young man from the country, and felt obliged to make a long and studied apology for the want of letters of introduction, which he offered to go and procure. Governor Gore, however, who appears to have been satisfied by inspection of the character of his visitor, cut him short, by telling him to come back, hang up his hat, and sit down to his books at once, adding that he might procure the letters at "his leisure."

It is rather to be regretted that the autobiography left by Mr. Webster's eminent friend, Jeremiah Mason, could not be included in the present volumes, as they were so long associated as the ornaments of the New England bar. This document is stated to be extremely interesting, and to contain much matter which would illustrate the life and times of himself and Mr. Webster. Doubtless, however, the family of Mr. Mason will one day publish it, but its circulation would be greatly augmented by its connection with the volumes about to be published by Mr. Fletcher Webster.—[*Letter from "T." in The Evening Post.*

Russian Tolerance.—In Russia, Anabaptists, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists may hold the highest offices in the State.

POOR DESCENDANTS OF LITERARY MEN.

Walter Savage Landor (says the *Evening Post*) has discovered a great grandson [of Defoe], now seventy-eight years old, living in London, in a state of the greatest destitution, and has addressed an appeal, through *The Times*, to every school-boy and every one who has ever been a schoolboy, to subscribe one penny each for his immediate relief. He concludes his appeal as follows:

"It was in the power of Johnson to relieve the granddaughter of Milton; Sir, it is in yours to prop up the last scion of Defoe. If Milton wrote the grandest poem and the most energetic and eloquent prose of any writer in any country; if he stood erect before tyranny, and covered with his buckler, not England only, but nascent nations; if our great prophet raised in vision the ladder that rose from earth to heaven, with angels upon every step of it, lower indeed, but not less useful, were the energies of Defoe. He stimulated to enterprise those colonies of England which extend over every sea, and which carry with them, from him, the spirit and the language that will predominate throughout the world. Achilles and Homer will be forgotten before Crusoe and Defoe."

This appeal has brought a letter from Charles Knight, the publisher, who has known James Defoe a long time, and has been in the habit of relieving him for more than a year. He is a box-maker and undertaker; has had a family of eight children—two of whom are yet living—James and Priscilla. Mr. Knight has received and expended about £50 during the year for him. He concludes his letter as follows:

"It may be asked why I have not before this made a public announcement of the case of James Defoe, and endeavoured to form a committee to do the work which has been so eloquently advocated in your paper by Mr. Landor. I have discussed this matter several times with my friend Mr. Dickens, through whom I have received the annual subscription of £10; and we came to the conclusion that any attempt to excite a general sympathy might fail, or, if partially successful, might do little more, if a sum were invested, than had been already done, and might continue to be done, by private efforts.

"I shall, however, be ready to resign my trust, and give an account of my stewardship to any committee that may be formed in consequence of Mr. Landor's letter, and, in the meantime, I should be happy to receive any donations that may enable me to continue the help which has already been afforded. I should mention that the industrious partner of James Defoe's 'uncomplaining poverty' has died during the present year, but that his daughter watches over him with affectionate solicitude. I must add that the interest which I felt for James Defoe as the descendant of a great man has been increased, during my intercourse with him, by his own simple and manly character."

Subscriptions were coming in rapidly, and the prospect is, that Mr. James Defoe will die a much richer man than his gifted great-grandfather ever was.

Another case of a similar kind has been presented to the British public by Carlyle, Dickens and John Foster. Two Misses Lowe, god-daughters of Samuel Johnson, one in her 78th and the other in her 72d year, and daughters of Mauritius Lowe, the painter, have been found living at Deptford, in England.

In May last, a petition was presented to Lord Palmerston for a pension for these ladies, signed by Hallam, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Tennyson, Fonblanque, Dickens, Bulwer and some dozen other eminent literary men. It brought a donation of £100, but no pension. The public are now asked to subscribe enough to produce an annuity of about £30 a year.

The petition sets forth some particulars about the Misses Lowe, and pays a fervent tribute to their distinguished godfather:

"They are gentlewomen in manners; in all evidence, persons of uniformly unexceptionable conduct; veracity, sense, ingenuous propriety, noticeable in them both, to a superior degree. The elder, especially, must have been a graceful, lively little woman, something of a beauty in her younger days, and by no means wanting for talent. She still recollects, in a dim but ineffaceable manner, the big, awful figure of Samuel Johnson, to whom she was carried shortly before his death, that he might lay his hand on her head, and give her his blessing; her awe and terror were very great on the occasion. Both sisters are in perfect possession of their faculties—the younger one is slightly hard of hearing; the elder (on whose head lay Johnson's hand) has still a light step, perfectly erect carriage, and vivacious memory and intellect.

"The younger, who is of very honest and somewhat sterner features, appears to be the practical intellect of the house, and probably the practical hand. They are very poor, but have taken their poverty in a quiet, unaffected, handsome manner, and have still hope that, in some way or other, intolerable want will not be permitted to overtake them. They have an altogether respectable, or, we might say (bringing the past and the present into contact), a touching and venerable air. There, in their little parlour at Deptford, is the fir desk (capable of being rigorously authenticated as such) upon which Samuel Johnson wrote the *English Dictionary*, the best dictionary ever written, say some.

"It is in behalf of these two women, of Johnson's god-daughter, fallen old and indigent, that we venture to solicit from the Government some small public subvention, to screen their last years from the worst misery. It may be urged that there is no public fund appropriated for such precise objects, and that their case cannot, except in a reflex way, be brought under the head of 'literary pensions'; but, in a reflex way, it surely can; and we humbly submit withal, that this case of theirs is, in some measure, a peculiar and unique one.

"Samuel Johnson is such a literary man as probably will not appear again in England for a very great length of time. His works and his life, looked at well, have something in them of heroic, which is of value beyond most literature, and much beyond all money and money's worth to the nation which produced him. That same English Dictionary, written on the poor fir desk above spoken of, under sternly memorable circumstances, is itself a proud possession to the English nation, and not in the philological point of view alone. Such a dictionary has an architectonic quality in it; and for massive solidity of plan, manful correctness and fidelity of execution, luminous intelligence, rugged honesty and greatness of mind pervading every part of it, is like no other. This, too, is a *Cathedral of St. Paul's*, after its sort; and stands there for long periods, silently reminding every English soul of much that is very necessary to remember.

"Samuel Johnson himself is far beyond the reach of our gratitude. He left no child or representative of any kind to claim pensions or distinctions from us; and here, by accident, thrown upon the waste seabeach, is something venerably human with Johnson's mark still legible upon it; Johnson, as it were, mutely bequeathing it to us, and to what humanity and loyalty we have, for the few years that may still be left. Our humble request, in the name of literature, withal is, that the English nation will, in some small adequate way, respond to this demand of Johnson's."

MARTIN LUTHER'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I gave the readers of the *Democrat*, not long since, a letter on Eisleben and Mansfield, in which but an allusion was made to the Luther school; I propose to devote this to a fuller description of this school—remarkable, not for its size, not for its liberal endowments, not for the learning of its teachers, but because it was the school Luther attended. In the public school of Mansfield he was a pupil from so tender an age that his father used to bring him in his arms, up to the time when, in his fifteenth year, he went to study in the higher school of Magdeburg. Here it was that he received fifteen blows in one day, for Luther was no saint, either as boy or man, and was by no means so fortunate as to escape the rod.

A friend in Berlin has told me, however, that in this matter, the translator of Dr. Merle's History of the Reformation has made Luther's master little better than a brute, representing that he gave the child fifteen *floggings* in one day. The reader who has the history at hand would do well to turn to its pages, and correct the error, for it is hardly creditable to Luther's school-boy days that it should stand recorded in a book so well-known as Merle's History, that he received fifteen floggings within six hours.

Externally, the school-room has the same appearance as when Martin Luther entered its door. Over that stands now a statue in relief of one of the Counts of Mansfield, with some Latin lines beneath, which I translate: "As the Trojan horse sent out from its belly warlike bands, so a well-taught school send forth cultivated men. Give more Luthers to us, Knight of Mansfield, and trophies will yet rise to the victorious Christ."

Within, all is changed; the stone pavement whereon his feet trod alone remains untouched. The walls are whitewashed, the upper rooms are turned into a dwelling-house for the present teacher; the old seats on which Luther used to sit have been removed and destroyed. On one, the name of the reformer was cut with a knife; that too is gone. When the last, and perhaps the only Americans who have ever been here before, visited the school, five years ago, the old seats were still to be seen, but since then the teacher has received them in so friendly a manner has died, and the building has been made more comfortable to the wants of the present generation.

Still the spirit of Luther dwells in the place; it is called Luther's school; the Reformer's portrait is to be seen in every room; and the thick walls, the windows and their small panes, the low studded ceiling, all bring those olden times to mind, and one can easily imagine the sickly little boy, the miner's son, on the benches before him.

This is the first school for young children which I have visited in Germany, and a description of its appearance, of the method of teaching, as far as a half-day would admit of seeing it, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Democrat*.

The Luther school in Manstead contains about one hundred scholars. Two classes are taught in the building where the Reformer first received instruction; another, the class for girls, meets under the church where Luther often preached; and the elementary school, where both sexes are initiated into the mysteries of the German alphabet, is held in a neighbouring room. These four classes form one school, and are under the general instruction of Mr. Pohlmann, the instructor of the higher class. The ages of the pupils are the same as in the summer schools with us; and when they have been grounded in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and morals, they are sent to the neighbouring town of Eisleben, the birth-place of Luther, to enter the Real School, and to advance to the higher stages of instruction.

The instruction given is of the most thorough kind. Everything is systematized after the general custom in Germany, and an hour is given to every class. The teachers enter thoroughly into the spirit of their work, and everything that the stranger notices, bears that air of earnestness which is so grateful to see. The order of the school was nearly perfect. During the half-day which I spent there I saw no instance of whispering, nor any breach of good manners. This was the more to be wondered at when I considered the crowded state of the rooms. The desks are not separate as with us, and each accommodated about ten pupils. So closely are they placed together that, at the end of the session, I noticed that it was impossible for the pupils to rise and walk into the aisle; they were obliged to work their way along in a very primitive manner.

At the entrance of a stranger, the pupils rise together, and give in concert the common salutation: "*Ich empfehle mich*"—I recommend myself; and as he leaves the room, all rise again and say, "Adieu!" This originally French expression has become thoroughly Germanized, and is daily to be heard in the streets and in the shops. The school is brought to a close as with us, the teacher addressing himself to those sitting on each bench, but there was this difference: as each scholar left the room, he turned to the teacher, and bade him "Adieu!" These were the only things that were novel, and which seemed peculiar to the German character.

I had the pleasure of witnessing four school exercises, in writing, map-drawing, reading and analysis. The writing was excellent; such neat pages and carefully written copies I have not often seen. One recognises in this that great feature of the national character, that exact knowledge of the relations of parts and of sounds, which give them their excellence in drawing and music.

The German children have this disadvantage in writing: they have two separate hands to learn—the Roman, which we use, and the Deutsch, or national hand, well adapted to rapid writing, but stiff and utterly ungainly. It is, I suppose, well known in America that German books are every year more and more printed in the Roman character. All scientific books are so, and the people are gradually being reconciled to the change. But the German hand-writing is still clung to. I do not think that it will ever be entirely superseded. For stenographic purposes it is admirable. I have often seen students at the University take down a lecture word for word from the Professor's lips; and a system of hand-writing that has this advantage may well dispense with ornament.

The exercise in analysis which I witnessed was excellent. The terms used in German grammar are much more intelligible to children than those of Latin origin, which are employed with us. The substantive or noun, which conveys to our children no idea, because they do not know Latin, is to the German children the "Hauptwort," the head-word; the conjunction is the "Bindwort," the word that *binds* together. What life such a nomenclature gives to this usually unmeaning exercise can readily be imagined.

Reading, too, was very carefully and, what is better, very well taught. Mr. Giesemann, whose class I had the pleasure of hearing, is the compiler of the text-book in common use, and is himself an excellent reader. The German reading books, as I have noticed, are very different from our own. Instead of being composed mainly of extracts from classic authors, and therefore of a literary character, they are mostly made up of bits of history, natural science, geography, and while they teach the scholar to read things which are within his comprehension, they throw a great deal of light on his school studies.

I talked with the teachers about the methods of discipline which they employ in the government of the school. They punish with the rod an incorrigible offender, but they use words as long as they are equally effective. The province of the teacher is broader than with us; they have to take care of the children both within the school-room and beyond its walls. Further than this, Mr. Pohlmann told me that it is his duty, if he sees any boy of the place, whether his scholar or not, engaged in anything which is not correct, to exercise the same vigilance over him as over the children under his instruction. What a field of influence is thus opened to the faithful teacher! In such duties can he realize what a hold he may have upon posterity, and, onerous as his work may be, he can rely on the belief that it will all be recompensed.—*Cor Taunton (Mass.) Gazette.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The *Athenæum* says: In spite of the war, and all the consequent drawbacks to literature, more than eight thousand copies of Tennyson's "Maud" have been already sold.

——Newspapers in the World.—The following is supposed to be the number of newspapers in the world: 10 in Austria, 14 in Africa, 24 in Spain, 26 in Portugal, 30 in Asia, 65 in Belgium, 85 in Denmark, 50 in Russia and Poland, 350 in other Germanic States, 500 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 2,000 in the United States, or nearly twice as many as in all other nations.

——The First Meeting of Boz and Pendennis.—It is interesting to remember that these two eminent men first met when there was a vacancy in the pictorial department of the "Pickwick Papers," and Thackeray—then a young and comparatively unknown artist—aspired to the "proud position" of illustrating "Boz." Times have changed since then, and at the Thackeray dinner the two novelists met on fairer, juster and more equal terms. It is pleasant to think that between these two rivals, as they are often called, the most friendly relations prevail; and that Mr. Dickens pronounces Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Thackeray Mr. Dickens, to be the most distinguished novelist of the age.

——Prof. Aug. Stober, of Mulhausen (Alsatia), author of the literary monography, "Der Dichter Lenz und Friederike von Sesenheim," has just published a biographical sketch, "Der Actuar Salzmann Gothe's Freund and Fisch, genosse in Strasburg." It is said to be full of interesting details referring to Gothe's abode at Strasburg, and to dwell minutely upon many incidents merely hinted at by G